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T. H. VOIGT.

THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## RAINBOW TROUT.

A GOOD many people who have put rainbow trout into their rivers have been much bothered by their disappearance, and a good many that have turned them into lakes or ponds or rivers have been bothered by their grayling-like tendency to spawn in the spring. It is as well that the motives that influence the fish in this direction should, if possible, be understood, for thereby much disappointment may be avoided. As a rule the rainbows that are put into a stream wander, but those that are put into a lake or pond do not; and the reason of this seems to be, almost beyond question, that the rainbow is a lover of deep water. As a rule the water in lakes or ponds is comparatively deep, so there the rainbows will abide, even though there be tempting streams running out of them; but as a rule the water over the greater stretches of streams is shallow, therefore the rainbows will depart from them, and make their way to any deeper reach that they may meet. This tendency of the rainbow begins to be fairly understood, so that people who own rivers seldom turn in the rainbows unless the water is of sufficient depth to keep them there contentedly. The problem of the spring spawning is equally easy to explain, but it is not so obvious how to meet a trouble that threatens to put the rainbow, as a game fish, into his close season just when we want him to be best suited to our sport. Of his sporting qualities there is no

question. He rises to fly splendidly. He does not seem to hanker after the cannibal and carnivorous ways of some of his cousins. Fly is his favourite diet. This, of course, is very much as we would have it; but what is not as we would have it, is that he should begin his nursery arrangements just when we want to begin fishing for him. If he sticks to that programme, he might just as well, for all his practical sporting uses, be a grayling. A grayling, to be sure, has its uses, but they are not the uses of the trout. We want the trout for our sport in the spring and summer. The grayling fills the gap and makes us passably good-tempered in the winter of our discontent. We can do nothing, probably, by human artifice to alter this habit of the rainbow's life. He will go on in the way that seems good to him, in spite of us; but what there is some reason to hope is that he, for himself, will come to see the error of his ways and will learn to behave better. We have seen examples of these reformations before now, and they give reasonable hope of the future of the rainbow.

When the black swan was first brought to England from the Antipodes it had a barbarous and unnatural way of laying its eggs, and sitting on them, with a simple colonial faith, in our mid-winter, because, forsooth, that unbalmy time was the proper nursery season in Australia. A brief but bitter experience taught the black swan better ways, and the descendants of these earliest black savages have learnt to manage their domestic affairs respectably, like swans that are white, in spring-time. There is no reason at all to suppose that the rainbow trout will be any less adaptable. There is every reason to think that they will be at least as ready to accept changed conditions. A faculty of adapting themselves to such changes is a well-marked and very fortunate possession of fishes in general, and we find it with the game fish, the salmon and trout, as well marked as with any. The varieties that we call salmon and sea-trout—that is to say the migratory members of the family—seem to us so firmly established in their habit of going to the sea for change, that we should have expected, *a priori*, that they would suffer tremendously, and probably would die, if they were debarred from taking the journey. There was reason, in the fact that they feed hardly at all in fresh water, to think that they might die of inanition if they were not allowed to go to their salt-water pastures. But observation and experiment show that it is as possible for them to live constantly in fresh water as for a leader of fashion to survive August and September in town. They are less comfortable, perhaps, but it seems to make not a pennyworth of serious difference to their health, and they learn to eat in fresh water heartily enough.

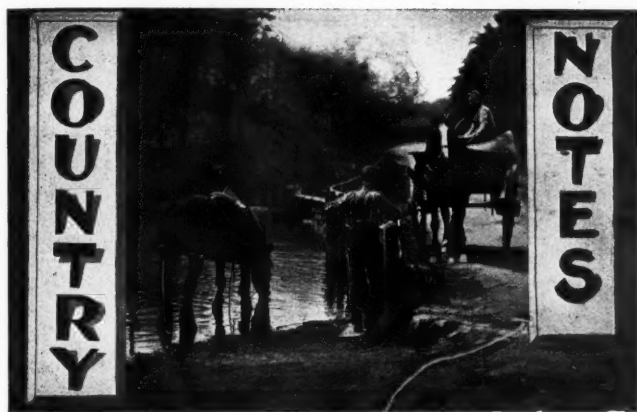
There is a land-locked lake in Sweden where the salmon flourish perfectly; and "land-locked sea-trout" are found by many to be the fish that answer best for turning into their fresh-water lakes. Have experiments of a like kind been tried with the smelt? The writer does not know; but they would be interesting to try, if opportunity offered. There is therefore reason to think that the rainbow will shortly fall in with the habits which its self-respecting cousins in this country regard as right and respectable—that is to say, will desert its outlandish fashion of spawning at the same time as the grayling, and will choose, instead, autumn for that interesting purpose. Fish are very well capable of learning from experience.

We all have heard the story of the old pike who was put into an aquarium with a number of nice dace—only, between him and the dace was a division of plate glass. After a while of knocking his nose severely on the plate glass, as he dashed after the dace, this old pike gave the business up. He dashed after dace no more. Then the proprietor of the aquarium took the plate glass division away, but still the old pike would not attack these dace, thinking that each was surrounded by a phalanx of plate glass.

The next step in the experiment was to put a lot of fresh dace with the old ones (marked for distinction's sake) into the aquarium. These new dace the old pike ate up to the last one, but never attempted to touch the old dace, whom he still supposed to be encrusted with the plate-glass protection. That is a nice story, as showing the faculty of fish to reason from experience, even if without the proper limitations in applying its teachings. And supposing that it is necessary to accept the story with the traditional grain of salt, there can be no doubt that fish are sufficiently intelligent to very quickly find out on which side their bread is buttered, or, in other words, adopt the habits which best suit the circumstances in which they are placed.

And there is no reason to doubt that the period which our native trout have chosen for spawning after the experience of innumerable generations is the best possible for our climate, which certainly differs very considerably from that of America, whence rainbow trout were originally imported. That a fish capable of affording so much sport to English fishermen should be neglected simply on account of such a small fault as reproducing its species at the wrong time seems absurd.





WITHIN a very short period of the death of her revered mother, the Empress Frederick has passed away, and the sympathy which Germany extended to us in our grievous loss is now returned with equal sincerity. For some time it has been an open secret that the illustrious lady, who was formerly known to us as the Princess Royal, was suffering from an incurable malady, and the fortitude with which she bore her affliction has been the admiration of all Europe. That the King should have been unable to reach the death-bed of his beloved sister is deeply to be regretted; but some consolation may be derived from the fact that her last moments were free from pain, and that she died peacefully, surrounded by members of her family. And even those who loved her best could scarcely wish that the life of one so afflicted should be unduly prolonged.

It makes some of us feel old to know that by the death of Mr. W. B. Beach his relation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, becomes the oldest member in the House of Commons. Not so long ago Sir Michael was commonly referred to as an ambitious young politician, for youth then extends beyond the ordinary confines of middle-age, but to-day he is the father of the house, though at an age when Mr. Gladstone was only arriving at a ripe maturity. In the later years of the latter it was a commonplace to say that all the great affairs of the world were transacted by very old men. This can scarcely be true of to-day, when our oldest Member of Parliament is only sixty-four.

Much sympathy will be felt with the Secretary of State for War, who has had the misfortune to lose his wife at a time when he well might have prayed to be spared even the minor worries of life, to say nothing of this heavy misfortune. Lady Hilda Brodrick was a daughter of Lord Wemyss, and her marriage to Mr. Brodrick took place in 1880, and there survive her one son and four daughters, of whom the eldest is engaged to be married to the Hon. Dudley Marjoribanks, the only son of Lord and Lady Tweedmouth. The illness of Lady Hilda was of brief duration, and her death came as a sudden and painful surprise, as her intellectual and social gifts had made for her a very large circle of friends.

The Japanese Government has set an example of sturdy common-sense in declaring that henceforth all communications with Foreign Powers should be conducted in the English language. The French Foreign Office pretends to feel outraged, but really it is anomalous that French should continue to be the language of diplomacy. English, in one form or another, will undoubtedly be the predominant tongue of the future, and already it is the real language of commerce, especially to the Japanese, whose foreign trade is all with America and England. It seems the right and proper thing therefore to recognise this; and, let the French object as they may, it could not possibly be otherwise than distasteful to them to find their tongue go the way of old Latin, Norman-English, and other decadent languages, but it is useless to grumble at the decrees of Fate.

No one with any proper sense of the fitness of things is at all likely to condemn the grant to Lord Roberts of £100,000, as a means or an assistance to support his earldom, as being at all on the excessive scale. For the moment, with trade not as good as it was, and a poor prospect, on the whole, for the harvest, we all are on the economical tack, and are feeling the weight of war taxes. But for the man who did so much for us, under private circumstances of such peculiar sadness, in South Africa, we must be illiberal indeed if we are disposed to think this grant ill-bestowed or over-generous. The remarks in an opposite sense made in the House of Commons, when the vote was granted, are not, of course, to be taken as a serious contribution to the discussion of the subject. There was no possibility of mistaking their party character.

A partial satisfaction of their demands was perhaps as much as the Allied Powers ever expected to obtain from China. It is, at least, as much as they seem at all likely to obtain. The number of those who are to be punished for offences connected with recent troubles is reduced, according to latest reports, from 160 to 54. It is a notable reduction, but it is said that evidence of the guilt of the remainder was not forthcoming, and no one can be in the least surprised to hear that this is the case. In some other respects the compliance with the demands is as full as could be hoped, and it is significant that the Foreign Office, which used to rank behind the other six departments of the Government, is now ranked before them. Further, the representatives of foreign powers are, for the future, to be received in the hall which hitherto has been reserved for those near of kin to the Emperor. It is considered that this may portend an intention on the part of the Emperor to receive the representatives at dinner in this hall, an honour that none of them conceivably may lack the taste to appreciate.

France, in some of its less reputable papers, is not always sympathetic with us in our successes or reverses; but we may at least have the generosity to rejoice that the difficulties between that country and Morocco seem in a fair way of amicable settlement on the lines of the treaty of 1845. We are sometimes disposed to regard the Frenchman as not at his best as a colonist but in this particular quarter of the globe he has been eminently successful, and no one who has seen the excellently-ordered orange groves and so on in that region, and considered them with anything like an impartial eye, can fail to acknowledge that all is very well done in this colony of the French. The account of the prospective settlement is given by the *Temps* in a semi-official note.

The name of Colonel Allenby has several times been mentioned with credit for smart actions. His latest little exploit at Wagonstadt Spruit seems to show much of that fairly obvious—yet not always exhibited—craft which the Boers designate by their favourite word “slimness.” Colonel Allenby had reason, grounded, we may surmise, on experience, to believe that the Boers would visit his late camp shortly after he abandoned it, and accordingly left an ambush to receive them when they should come. All went off according to expectation. The Boers arrived; they were taken by surprise, and worsted in a small engagement, which has its due importance in the only kind of warfare now possible—that is to say, in a series of small engagements with small bands. The course of the war is only too slow, but it ever is in one direction—towards the inevitable end. And when that end arrives, and we have to live as fellow-citizens with our conquered enemy, we may hope sincerely that the result will justify the very lenient manner in which we have conducted all its primitive operations.

The Canadian harvest is a record one. That is the glad news that comes from the loyal dominion. In Manitoba the wheat harvest is estimated at 60,000,000 bushels, and the barley and oats, of which far less are grown, are good in proportion. Canada has been fortunate in escaping the drought that distressed the American North-West Provinces, and all circumstances have favoured this record result. Our own harvest, unfortunately, is not likely to be a very good one. At no time did it promise well, and the torrential thunder rains have done no service to standing corn. They have benefited the root crops, however, not a little, and probably these may be a great deal better than seemed at all likely a few weeks ago. Canada, it is not to be doubted, will have good sale for hay in many parts of the United Kingdom this year, so poor has been the native crop, especially in the South. On the whole, prospects in agriculture must be looking very bright in that colony, which gave us such gallant help in the war.

The request of the Canadian Government for 29,000 British harvesters to help in the ingathering of the crops of the Dominion is one that ought not to be neglected, since it offers to our youths a splendid chance of acquiring a foothold in this great colony. But it also conveys a woful impression that even in this young soil it is no longer easy to keep men to agricultural work. If they will not be persuaded to remain on the land in our colonies, how can they be expected to do so in the Mother Country?

At this time of year it is interesting to note the various stages harvest has reached as one sits at the window of an express train flying North. Quite a variety of pictures meets the gaze. Here is a group of fields all cut, and the corn set up in stooks; further on the self-binder is seen working round a square, and looking very solitary in the harvest field. Again we see the cut sheaves lying on the stubble, and one or two men setting them up. Even in the extreme North paragraphs are printed in the local papers about the very early harvest, and the oats are ripening, or, as rustic folk say, whitening. But nowhere

does one hear accounts that are at all satisfactory; on the contrary, all the talk is of a short yield of grain, and a still shorter one of straw. The farmer, prone as he is to grumble, has never done so with better cause than this year. Neither stock nor crops are flourishing. The former were on short commons all through the drought, and though the July rains freshened up the pastures a little bit, they have not done any very large amount of good, while the prospect of winter feed cannot be described as otherwise than unsatisfactory. There is little hay and straw, and roots are not so good as they should be at this season of the year.

As far as fishing is concerned the rains of July have produced very little effect in the North of England, as the streams are all very small and clear. The prolonged drought appears to have very seriously affected the springs whence the rivulets are supplied. Salmon fishing with the net has now come to the time when the men expect to do some good or fail for the year, but the takes have only been moderate, and the splendid promise of the opening of the year has by no means been fulfilled. In sea-fishing the same old tale of failure is recorded by those who use the line, and the same grumbling is heard about the trawlers destroying the spawn. This is a matter that deserves very careful enquiry by the Government, and if the Board of Trade cannot go into it fully, then it is high time some agitation was made for the establishment of a Fisheries Board. As in the waters of other countries a systematic attempt should be made to stock the fisheries. Luckily some good captures of herrings are reported, and it will be very satisfactory if success in this branch compensates the poor line fishers for a series of disappointments in their other toils on the deep sea.

Those who have only a limited time at their disposal must sometimes ask what is the most effective way of utilising the chance offered by the August Bank Holiday. To some it means two days only, and of such are the multitudes of trippers who flood the watering places near London, populate the roads with bicycles, and ripple over Epping Forest and Hampstead Heath. Nor can any serious fault be found with their choice. It is easy to chide and laugh at some of their proceedings, but the fact remains that year by year these crowds grow more rational and sensible. The old idea of the poorer Londoner on a holiday was embodied in the "Two-a-penny" of the man who keeps a cocoanut shy. But his is an occupation that is nearly gone. He grumbles, with good cause, that the demand for his particular dissipation constantly shows a decline. The average citizen no longer is content with what seems to have been in mid-Victorian days the most popular amusement of his class, but seeks pleasures of a more intelligent and healthy description. The very slight call thus made upon the pastimes that were popular a generation ago points to no decrease in the number of holiday makers, but is, as a matter of fact, accompanied by a great increase.

To the luckier few who can add a day to each end of the Bank Holiday, that is to say, steal Friday and stretch Monday out to Tuesday night, a greatly varied programme is open. At slight expense, and with small waste of time, the railway companies will now transport you to very remote parts of the kingdom, so that at a slight outlay the most distant corner of Britain can be reached. And how sweet it is after the glare and turmoil of the streets to see when you first awaken the young sun just kissing the misty mountain tops, and casting a pink, tender light on the low range of hills, the fir plantations on them, and the little river shining and glimmering as it winds among the fields and enclosures of the valley. Those who are compelled to make but a brief stay probably crowd more enjoyment into the time than those who have a prolonged holiday. Just because of the shortness of their stay they have no time to weary. Where the person who takes a prolonged holiday is certain to lose a part in dawdling and in feeling bored, the other goes heart and soul into the pastime or recreation of his brief spell—he is the first on the course if a golfer, the first to be seen whipping the stream if an angler—and tastes to the full its striking contrast with the routine work of town.

Our columns have borne testimony more than once to the slowness with which rural authorities are wakening up to the fact that the old Building Bye-laws have been superseded. Not many weeks ago, for instance, we had Mr. Voysey complaining that being asked to draw up plans for some cottages on a nobleman's estate he was challenged by the local body which had authority in such matters, and forbidden to use thatch. It appeared as if no one knew that the Board of Trade had practically, if not formally, withdrawn its objection to this material, and that a new code of bye-laws was actually in print and awaiting the confirmation of Parliament. This is the case in regard to rural bye-laws, but it is evident that changes will have to be made in

regard to the urban bye-laws also. Indeed, to some extent the argument we advanced against the application to rural districts will equally apply to small towns. We are thinking especially of two or three ancient decaying seaports that had been so ill-advised as to adopt these laws and have recently had cause to repent. These places though nominally urban are practically rural in character, and it is as questionable to apply the bye-laws to them as it is to the rural districts. The arguments we urged last spring against the one apply equally to the other.

One of the most singular points about the new flying machine of M. Santos Dumont, with which he is obtaining results that, so far as they go, are satisfactory, is that, though a new machine, it has no new principles of construction. It differs in nothing essential from the machine with which Capitaine Krebs and M. Renard made something of a success many years ago. Any advance that has been made in the interval has been chiefly in the direction of obtaining a lighter and more suitable motor. The shape of the machine and the steering apparatus have undergone scarcely any modification. Both in the heavens above and beneath the surface of the waters the genius of the French is showing good results. The submarine boat *Zédé* has certainly proved its efficiency for harbour defence, whatever may be thought of it as an aggressive engine. At present it appears to be hardly a sea-going boat, requiring as it does the services of a tender, and a change of crew every twenty-four hours. But with all drawbacks it has proved itself capable of being a factor in future Naval warfare, and if it should be modified so that it may be possible to carry it on the deck or davits of a battle-ship its power will be increased enormously.

One is inclined to wish good luck to the efforts of the Road Improvement Society. It is a body consisting mostly of cyclists and motorists, and its object is sufficiently described by its title. The other day it sent an influential deputation to Mr. Walter Long, which did not effect as much as it ought to have done. The grievances in regard to the highway are at present twofold. First and foremost those who use the roads most pay least for the privilege, and in the second place so many local bodies hold sway over the highway that the difficulties in the way of moving them are enormous and uniformity is out of the question. To remedy this state of things it is proposed that half the cost should be paid out of Imperial revenue, and that a central governing body be established. Criticism may find something to object to in these proposals, but that something needs to be done has long been apparent.

Not all marriages are made in Heaven, and for such as are not the Divorce Courts were invented; but M. Naquet, the well-known French publicist and statesman, has somewhat infelicitously widened the means of allowing those who are ill joined to get sundered. A French husband weary of his wife deliberately sinned against the conjugal law, and then got himself proceeded against for divorce, though his wife stood ready all the time only too eager to forgive. Yet on his own evidence he was convicted and the marriage dissolved. This may be convenient for husbands who rue their bargain, but what about the wives?

With the buffoonery usual to the occasion, the historic fitch of bacon was at Dunmow on Monday awarded to two couples, a Southwark chemist and his wife and a Stepney baker and bakeress—if that be the right term for a baker's spouse. Of course the ceremony is not a bit like anything that is old or like the original idea of the founder; but it leads to some horse-play and laughter, accompanied with amateur attempts in the art cultivated by Ananias and Sapphira, and so is not an unhealthy amusement, though the still more ancient pastime of grinning through a horse-collar is still more alluring.

The hotel proprietors of Montreux have been taking counsel together to circumvent those individuals who are so inconsiderate as to die in a continental hotel. And they have drawn up a death tariff. You may go to Montreux and die from natural causes, and it will cost your relatives anything from 200fr. to 300fr., but if you are so silly as to catch an infectious disease and die from it, the charge is to be from 400fr. to 500fr., and something like this will be charged if you take a contagious disease and do not succumb to it. How agreeable it must be to enter one of the hotels at Montreux and find that the chance of your never leaving it has been carefully calculated! "Very decent terms indeed" must of necessity be the general verdict. If it be necessary to die in a continental hotel, who could expect to do so at a more moderate charge?

When the rush to Klondyke was at its height, the American Government imported a number of Lapps and reindeer to Alaska, where the natives have never trained the indigenous reindeer or caribou to draw sledges. The Secretary for the Interior writes from Washington that the experiment has been continued. The Government imported more deer from Siberia, probably those



used by the Chuch tribes on the Asiatic side of the Behring Sea. The total herd of trained reindeer has now increased to 3,323. Ninety-two of those imported from Lapland still remain. The Lapps have taught the American Esquimaux how to train the animals, and 1,495 are the property of twenty-nine Esquimaux. Reindeer mail routes have been established, and between 6,000 and 7,000 miles were travelled last winter. This seems a successful and intelligent effort in acclimatisation, and may greatly aid the comforts of life in the dreadful Alaskan winters.

The rumours that have been afloat for some time past concerning the establishment of an International Fisheries Exhibition, and the suggestions put forward in regard to it, have now taken a rather more definite form. The site chosen is St. Petersburg, and though the opening will not take place until the

early part of 1902, forms of entry have already been drawn up, and a rough classification of the various sections has been made out. The sections are likely to number nine, and their character is pretty clearly indicated in the statement that has reached us from the Russian Vice-Consulate at Leeds, in regard to the objects of the exhibition. These consist in: (a) Determining the actual condition of sea and fresh water fisheries, and of other similar pursuits; (b) acquainting producers and consumers with the various products of fisheries, and with methods of preparing and preserving the same; (c) exhibiting the gradual development and actual state of artificial fish breeding, as likewise the various aspects of amateur fishing and angling; (d) promoting scientific research pursued in the interests of fisheries. The exhibition is organised by the International Society of Fisheries and Fish Culture, and is to be under the patronage of H.I.H. the Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch.

## BRITISH AND RUSSIAN HOUNDS.

FOR the purpose of drawing a comparison between the greyhound, which everyone will admit, be he a coursing man or not, is one of the leading varieties of British hounds, and the Borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, the illustrations which accompany this article will be found extremely useful. All the animals depicted are the property either of Mrs. May, of Simonside Hall, South Shields, or of her daughter, Miss Maud May, who owns the greyhounds, whilst the Borzois are the property of her mother.

In comparing the types of the two varieties of hound, several points of strong similarity will be observed, the pose of the animals when at rest, the downward carriage of the tail, the slenderness and arch of the loin, the head, and the singularly wistful expression of the eyes being conspicuous in both breeds, as also the straight, powerful fore legs; but as will be seen, the greyhound's are more decidedly bent at the stifles, though the Borzoi's are very far removed from being straight. The extreme bending of the greyhound's stifle joints—the stifles, by the way, are the joints on the hind legs above the hocks—no doubt renders him the fleetest and more active dog; and unquestionably this development has been



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MILLIONS OF MONEY AND BASS'S BURTON.

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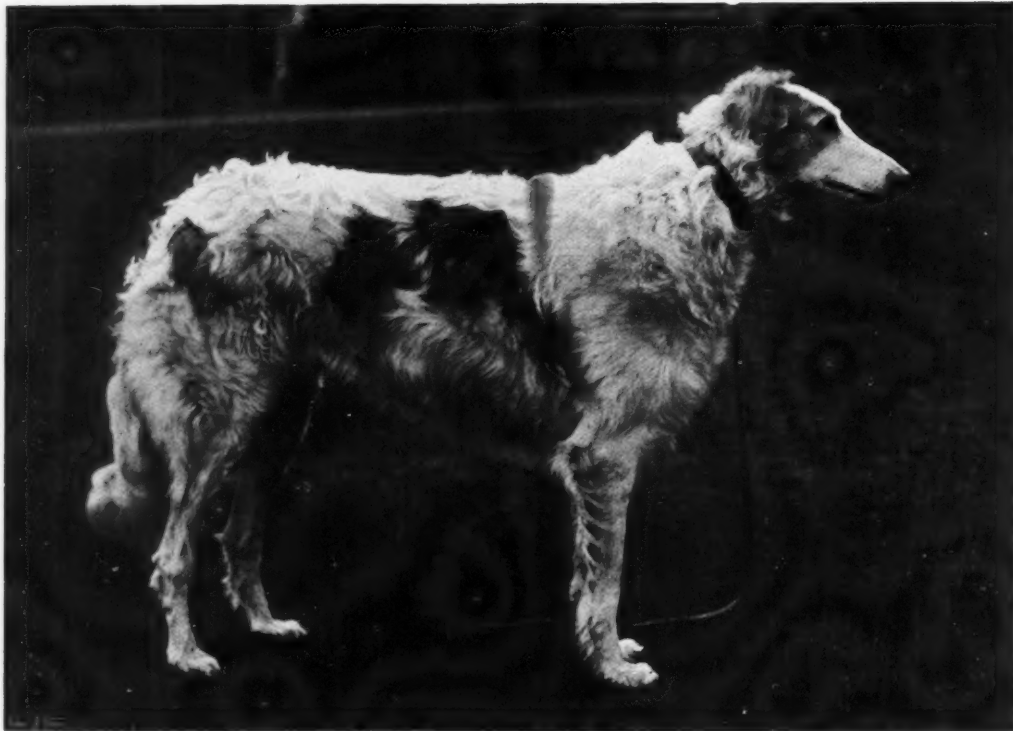


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encouraged by his more scientific breeders in order to enable him to move faster and turn as quickly as that extremely speedy and nimble animal the hare, to which his attentions are chiefly directed. The Borzoi, on the other hand, must also be a rapid mover, and any absence of activity on his part would probably entail serious results when engaged in the sport of wolf-hunting, for which purpose he is largely used in his native Russia. It must not, however, be imagined that the Borzoi is expected to enter the wolf's lair and encounter that formidable opponent in his own domain. His duty, though sufficiently arduous, and very often dangerous, is of a more pacific nature, namely, to track the wolves, whether wounded or unwounded, which may escape the huntsmen, and to hold them at bay until the sportsmen arrive to administer the *coup de grace*. In short, the Borzoi is used in Russia for purposes very similar to those for which deer-stalkers in Scotland employ the deerhound. But it must not be imagined for a moment that the former is not a most courageous dog, or a most formidable opponent, as he is very decidedly both, in spite of his delicate silken coat and the courtier's air he carries. The Borzoi, moreover, has possessed the advantage of being a most favoured breed amongst the greatest in the lands in which he is best known, for the Imperial family of Russia, from His Majesty the Czar downwards, are enthusiastic in their admiration of this graceful hound, whilst in England the successes, and



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they are many, of her Alex are frequent sources of satisfaction to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

It is, moreover, a very long time since our King and Queen first became acquainted with the Borzoi, for nearly thirty years ago the Prince of Wales presented Lady Emily Peel with a most excellent specimen of the variety, appropriately named Sandringham. This dog was practically the only representative of his breed that used to appear at dog shows in the early seventies, and consequently he was the recipient of many first prizes in the variety class, the number of which would probably have been increased but for the fact that he was a sufferer from chorea, the effects of distemper, which at times caused him to twitch his muscles a great deal, and of course affected his chances of success. Since those remote days, the popularity of the Borzoi has steadily increased, and doubtless his progress would have been still faster were it not for the immense difficulty that has always been experienced in obtaining good specimens of the breed from Russia, where the variety is in few hands

and immensely prized. Now, however, Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, the Duchess of Newcastle, Mrs. May, Mrs. Coope, Mr. Hood Wright, and many other admirers of the breed, have exhibited specimens which are capable of holding their own with the best produced on the Continent.

The greyhound has been a favourite with sportsmen of all nations from time immemorial, as the antiquity of the breed is fully established by the fact that in his writings Arrian alluded to a variety of dog which hunted by sight and not by scent, and this always has been a characteristic of the variety. The estimation in which the greyhound was held by our ancestors was, moreover, testified to by the ancient forestry laws, one of which carried the penalty of death to the man who slew a hound of this breed. In these days, too, the greyhound is beyond a doubt the most popular of dogs, as the king of sports, as coursing is termed, possesses votaries in all classes of society, whilst the winner of the Waterloo Cup is almost as famous an animal, for a time at all events, as the horse who carries off the Derby. It is not, however, by any means a common practice among the owners of greyhounds which have distinguished themselves in the coursing field to exhibit the animals; indeed, veracity impels the admission that many of the most famous performers have been of very ordinary appearance, the famous all-white Canaradzo being a notable exception to the rule.

There is, consequently, much satisfaction in being in a position to point to some of Miss Maud May's greyhounds as the winners of stakes as well as prizes on the show bench. The white NANSEN, for instance, a son of Patrick Blue and Nordica, has won eight courses out of twelve in public, being the divider of the Kinver Hill Stakes and runner-up for the North Meols Stakes, whilst on the show bench his record is seven first and special prizes and two seconds. TOM O' THE GLEN, a black dog by Jim o' the Hill, dam Glenheffer, is all over a handsome greyhound, having won twelve firsts and specials and nine seconds; whilst Bass's BURTON, a white son of Beethoven and Bonita, is the winner of the All-aged Stakes at Tudhoe and the divider of the Walshford Bridge Stakes, the Kirkleatham Stakes, and the Lazenby Stakes. The white and brindle TIRPHILL MASTERPIECE, a big dog standing 29in. at shoulder, was a Darlington winner when fourteen months old, and second in a class of nineteen at Aberdare when six months old, so that he may be credited with looks. The red and white MILLIONS OF MONEY, by Fabulous Fortune, dam Allan Water, is the divider of the Tudhoe Tenant Farmers' Stakes, the Elsham Stakes, the Barnard Castle Stakes, and bears the reputation of a clever, stout-hearted greyhound.

Mrs. May's famous MICHAEL, by Sokal, dam Princess Napratine, is a great prize-winner, but is shown rather above himself in condition in the accompanying photograph; which accentuates his disposition to be a trifle short in neck. Among his numerous wins are a first in the puppy class at Brighton, three first prizes, seven special prizes, and the 25-guinea



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WISITFUL AND WATCHFUL.

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challenge cup at the Borzoi Club's Show, Southport; two firsts, three specials, and the challenge cup again at the Crystal Palace; and firsts at Kensington, Cruft's, Leicester, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. We also give an illustration of a very charming couple of pups—WISTFUL, bred by the Duchess of Newcastle at Clumber, and WATCHFUL—both of whom are full of that Borzoi character which is so essential to the success of the breed upon the show bench, should their owner care to exhibit them in due course.

## BOOKS OF . THE DAY.

"MARY HAMILTON" (Methuen), by Lord Ernest Hamilton, is a beautiful rendering of the

romantic life story of the hapless Mary Hamilton. The Queen's Maries have been the theme of song and ballad and tale in their native land, and, there, there must be but few who have not thrilled to the wailing refrain:

"Last nicht there were four Maries,  
This nicht there'll be but three,  
There was Ma y Betoun and Mary Setoun  
And Mary Carmichael—and me."

The story is a tragedy, and told in a somewhat old-fashioned Scots dialect, quaint and homely and forcible. It begins with sunshine and laughter and the songs of birds, and although dark clouds intervene, and there are ominous mutterings of the coming storm, there are many gay interludes before the music finally changes into the minor key. Lord Darnley riding after strayed hawks to Langside, and encountering two fair maidens, with boyish gallantry, is a comely figure enough:

"'Mistress Hamilton,' he said, kicking at the grass with his long boot, 'if you should light on my poor hawks stravaiging around here the morn, it would be a kindness in you to take them in charge.'

"'Lord, sir!' cried she, 'since when did hawks first learn to stoop to a maiden's whistle?'

"'I'll warrant my goshawks would come to such a call from Jericho itself,' he said, with much gallantry.

"'Oh, indeed,' quoth she, and straight flung up her head, and set up such an amazing shrill whistle as sent the man's thumbs into his ears. 'I doubt they must be further than Jericho,' she said, gravely, 'or else these hawks of yours are gey ill-trained birds.'

"'They'll soon weary of Jericho,' said he; 'give such another whistle the morn, and I'll wager my horse you'll lure one long-legged bird that I wot of.'"

And so the first tryst was set light-heartedly enough, and that love idyll began which was soon dim and stained with tears and guile, and even death. The fair lady's honour is saved in the novel by a secret wedding in the parish kirk of Cathcart, and Mary Stuart has yet another wrong to bear with beating heart and helpless hands. The story is told by Mary Hamilton's waiting woman, Anne Cunningham, who acts a notable, and even heroic, part in the tragedy, from its beginning at Langside to its ghastly end with masked executioners on the tall scaffold in the Grassmarket. The story would dramatise, we think, with considerable success, and should be popular.

"John Jones, Curate" (Fisher Unwin), by Miss Gwendolen Pryce, is a Welsh story, fresh and pleasant and wholesome from beginning to end. The actors in the little comedy are original and boldly sketched in, the curate who is in the title rôle, being a whole-souled and pleasant young fellow, who surmounts all his difficulties with a hopeful sunniness of disposition which is very attractive. The Welsh character is well discerned and drawn for us with its generous virtues, its whimsicalities, its simplicities. John Jones, curate, was the only child of a poor peasant woman, a widow, and he is



C. Reid

TOM O' THE GLEN.

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introduced to us at the lanky age of thirteen going to Carnarvon, to the Eisteddfod, to compete for a prize. The carrier, Mosses Owain, said to him as he went, "Well you are going on a great journey to-day, and the dog that walks—gets. What are you going to get, John—back?" He got the much-desired ribbon and rosette, and returning home proud and tired, wrote his ambition for himself on the white-washed wall of his mother's cabin, "John Jones, Ciwrât, B.A." Henceforth he was the pride of the village, and a patroness came forward with generous offers to make the bright boy a gentleman.

"'It takes a lot of money to make a gentleman,' said little Ellen Refail, the future heroine of the story, 'and John hasn't a halfpenny, and he can't keep a halfpenny when he has one, unless he gives it to me.'

"'But we have plenty of money, and money doesn't make a gentleman,' said Mary, the daughter of this new patroness; 'what is inside your head makes a gentleman.'"

It was her mother's gospel, and John Jones held this patent of gentility when he was born, and his originality

did not mean "cranks," although Ellen told herself so sometimes. He went through Oxford University with distinction, and soon had his dream fulfilled of wagging his head in a pulpit. The story ought to be read; it is very entertaining and witty, and characterised by considerable originality.

"Among the Syringas" (Unwin), by Miss Mary E. Mann, is a book that one wonders is so good without sometimes being better. The neglected, untidy household of the Reverend Melancthon Dunn is spiritedly sketched, the characters of Barbara Bain, the luckless clergyman's step-daughter, and Sheba, his devoted maid of all work, are most skilfully paced before us.

"'You've got to come in, Miss Barb'ry,' panted Sheba.

"'I'm not coming in,' said Barbara.

"'You've got to, then, Barb'ry. The man's here with his little boy, and he sav he should like to speak along of you before he go. Your hair's come down

again, and you ha' g't that same rent on your gownd you stuck your foot through yesterday. Here's a couple o' pins —"

"'Tell the man I'm out.'

"'A lot o' good with him a-looking at you out o' the dining-room winder! Go in and see the man, Barb'ry.'

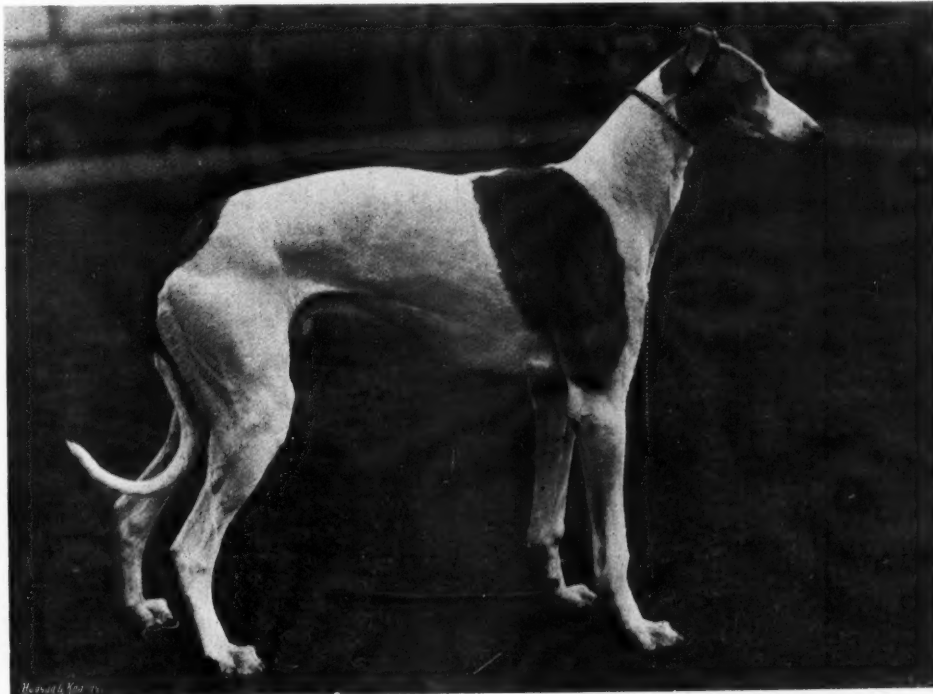
"'I'll see him hanged first,' said the unmoved Barbara."

And so "the man" Lawton went away to his governorship in India, and left his only child in the care of Mr. Dunn and this fair thrifless Barbara, who would not even come indoors to speak to him before he went. She was twenty-two, motherless, and all but fatherless, with no other guidance than that of the overworked but well-meaning Sheba, yet she was kinder to little Monty Lawton than might have

been expected, although in the irregular, jerky manner of all her doings. This beautiful but crude and undisciplined Barbara had the misfortune to attract the notice of Captain Edward Steer, and win what affection he was able to spare from himself. She used to wait for him among the syringas at her little gate every evening, ineligible but sweet, while he with a few kisses and railings against Fate opined that life was not altogether bad while she waited for him there. That he should win her heart was not remarkable, nor, perhaps, in such a man, that he should jilt her for the rich vulgar widow whose agent he happened to be. By the way, it is well to have a little uniformity even in a villain's name. This fellow is sometimes Edward and sometimes Edwin, by some lapse of the author's memory. He was no favourite of Sheba's.

"'Looks! Look at the capten now. When God A'mighty was a-giving out looks there was one as was left behind the door! A nasty, cross-looking, poker-backed thing, wi' no hair on his hid, and a face like the bricks when I ha' rubed 'em of a Sat'day night.'"

So poor Barbara wrote to the man in India that at twenty-five she was so unhappy that she could not sleep at night. Steer, too, was as miserable as he deserved to be, so miserable that he contrived meetings with his old sweetheart,



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TIRPHILL MASTERPIECE.

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and deceived his wife, who had many other good points besides her love for her unworthy husband. The watchful Sheba found them out, and, that night, went down on her own stiff knees, and commanded Barbara. "Come here; you come here and kneel down along o' me, and say, 'Pray, God, forgive me.'" Barbara slipped away prayerless, for she had agreed to go away with Captain Steer to London. She had an admirer, a little curate, who tried to save her, but, as Barbara said, "The little Mudd was far too—little," and, in the end, it was Mrs. Steer who snatched her from shame. As a strange *dénouement*, the man from India wrote to the poor girl, offering her his hand, and in thankful trust she accepted him, saying: "It is the father of Monty, who died. I have never seen him. I thank God. But read this."

"And what, in God's name, are you going to say to that rigmarole?"

"I am going to say 'Yes,'" said Barbara.

"But, good heavens! You don't even know the man!" objected Mrs. Steer.

"I pre'er the man I don't know," said Barbara.

As we said before, the book is good, strong, and clever, with much insight into human nature.

"No Vindication" (L ng), by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, is one of those stirring stories of Cornish life with which this author's name has become favourably associated. The descriptions of shore scenery, such as the Devil's Maw and Deadman's Rock, near the primitive village of Rhodda-Churchtown, are very graphic, and one seems to hear the thunder of the surf on this wild coast right through the story. The characters are, however, not particularly striking. The arch-villain of the tale is a gentleman who is true to nobody, not even to himself, and comes to a melodramatic end under the avenging knife of a man whose daughter he had wronged. The children in this book are capably drawn. Patty and Roderick are as charming a girl and boy as we have read of for a long time. The book has rather a sinister appearance in its binding of black and flame colour.

"A Great Lady" (Methuen), by Miss Adeline Sergeant, is a graceful portrait of a very sweet and noble woman, Erminia Palaret. With a wonderful faith and the constancy of a Penelope, she endures her sorrows in patience, snatching a little comfort in working for the poor and sick. As a contrast, we have the brilliant Isabel Stanton, her niece, a genius and a beauty, who yet nearly ruins two lives and her own by her passionate self-will and moral cowardice. The somewhat illogical young *roué*, Lord Kenwardine, is limned boldly opposite the pathetic figure of Anthony Scholes, whose most unmerited misfortunes are crowned by the love of Erminia Palaret. The story has the effect of a study in monochrome, there being no high lights or bright colours in the picture, which is, however, very skilfully drawn.

"A House with a History" (White and Co.), by Miss Florence Warden, was an old house standing on the very edge of the sea, which crept a little nearer to it every year. As Joan—the maid of all work, who scrubbed and cleaned and cooked in it—remarked one day, "Ay, it comes nearer most years, for all they build up the wall and think to bank it out that way. The house was built with ship's timber by a man that made his money in the slave trade. And they say the old planks will find their way back to the sea when another man comes to live in it that made his pile the same way."

"But there's no slave trade now," objected Nettie Linwood, the wretched Cinderella of the story.

"Oh, aint there? Aint there no slaves a-grinding away with the mangle and the wash-tubs to earn the money that keeps your Uncle Sam in clover? . . . If I was supersitious, myself, I should be glad as your Uncle Sam don't live under this roof, that's all."

After much exposure of the evil ways of the said "Uncle" Sam Patcham, a winter storm fulfils the prediction, and the sea has its own again, and brings well-merited retribution to the hoary, hypocritical villain of whose sojourn under that roof Joan had oded so little good. The rehabilitation of the hero, Dan Rasper, *alias* Jack Jetsam, is very cleverly worked out. When things are at their worst with him, an undeserved and unlooked-for kindness received from the hands of poor Nettie gives him something to live for, and he is pricked on to fresh struggles by the thought that he "couldn't sneak out of life without having tried to pay her back." Like all Miss Warden's books, this is a very readable novel.

How pleasant it is when you are weary to pick up a book that tells a fine attractive story about some land far away from the familiar home. That used to make the charm of Mr. Rider Haggard, and most of the critics ignored it when they slated him for so many sins against art. Mrs. Hugh Fraser is not at all like Mr. Haggard, except in the one particular that she is best abroad, best in Japan in fact. Her pen is a very light one, and crime and bloodshed she cares not for, though, sooth to say, her little band of elegant aristocrats seem always on the verge of breaking at least one of the commandments. Society as she displays it in "Marna's Mutiny" (Hutchinson) is always a little shady. Still it is on that account only a better set-off to her fresh, winning, and most charming heroine. To tell the story would only be to rob the reader of a part of his pleasure, and one has not the excuse that it presents any new problem of life and conduct, but is a love tale purely and simply, with an old-fashioned jangle of wedding bells at the end. But the scenery is Japanese, and a very pretty effect is produced by showing where Orient and Occident meet; it is not only that the lady is Jap and her lover a Briton, but one can say of everything as Betty said of Marna's chamber, "What a pretty sitting-room this is; just enough Europe and just enough Japan in it." Manners, ways of thought, forms, conventions, all have just enough Europe and just enough Japan in them. Brightness is the main characteristic of the book, but it contains a number of excellent descriptions, and as we have kept the plot inviolate, we do ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following description from many that are equally good:

"The upper hills in the end of March repay the traveller for a few bleak hours or belated snows. The Japanese have made March the girls' month, and there is something very feminine in its thousand changes of mood and measure. One day the rain is hurled down in straight black lances on our roof. The next breaks in a balmy dream of soft sunshine, nascent peach blossoms, bridal veils of light and moisture trailing on every hill top; the fruit trees burst in their rosy foam, the wild azalea runs in fire from hill to hill, the wistaria tosses out the bunch of downy grey beans that will give you your own height in purple garlands by-and-by; the gardener frees the palms from their winter wrappers of matting and the green leaves seem to clap their hands at feeling the light, and you wonder why Narataké still leaves his delicate maze of string, netting the pine-tree's twigs to the mast he planted by its trunk in November. Perhaps because the days are short still, and he likes to get back to his snug cottage behind the shrubbery and smoke his pipe, while Mrs. Narataké gets his supper. Doubtless he will liberate the twigs from their leading-strings to-morrow

morning. And to-morrow morning comes, and you go to your window for your first breakfast of fresh air, your first glance towards Fuji over the trees of the garden, and a thin, white mantle of snow is on everything, from Fuji to the orange tree by your doorstep. The palms are holding shovelfuls of it in their green fans, and are none the worse; but Narataké's cherished pine branches, level as an early sunbeam, would have been weighed down a dozen times over, weighed down so that they would never regain their shape, but for the elaborate rigging of little strings that hold them all in place. But how beautiful this blossom world is, everywhere breaking through the soft, muffling whiteness with gallant tints of rose and violet, and pale green and orange, that only shine out braver for the spotless background. And they are right, these brilliant firstlings of the spring, for the March snows melt in the March sun, and long before he has set the victory is with them."

## FROM THE PAVILION.

AS Bank Holiday fell this week, I must perforce chronicle news which can only be called stale, *i.e.*, the cricket of last week, which as far as run-getting was concerned was of quite a moderate type; indeed, in six matches, all first-class, only two centuries were scored, and a decision was arrived at on the second day in five cases, while on the third the sixth match was duly played out, though the agony was somewhat further prolonged. The century-makers were both Lancashire lads, Tyldesley and Ward, and Derbyshire was the county that suffered; indeed, Derbyshire can never do right. On this occasion the Derby captain won the toss, inspected the wicket, consulted some of his side, and sent Lancashire to the wickets, feeling sure that the wicket would improve. As it happened, the wicket did *not* improve, and to make matters worse one man missed two catches early in the innings of the two century-mongers, so that Tyldesley got 158 and Ward 117, instead of less than 20 runs between them; hence Lawton can fairly argue that the catching of the side and not the judgment of the captain was at fault.

Jessop, likewise, permitted Yorkshire to have "first knock," and likewise lost the match; but in no case was Yorkshire likely to go down before Gloucestershire, nor was it a bad performance either in judgment or in execution to get the big county out for 186 and 123. Though other men lent goodly aid, it was really Lord Hawke's good nerve and good play that served Yorkshire so well, his two scores of 25 and 34, both not out, being made at important crises. Rhodes's grand bowling—in the first innings he had 7 for 20—did the rest, for though Kitcat, Board, and Jessop all made decent scores in the second innings, Yorkshire won pretty comfortably. Rhodes, by the way, has now bowled to Jessop four times this year, and has got him out every time, and as Jessop's scores have only been 44, 26, 1, and 48, Rhodes has a bit the best of the deal.

Thus the two captains who made their opponents bat first lost their matches; in the other three games, the toss-winners were also the match-winners, because, or in spite, of the fact that they batted first; hence, my own pet fad, that it is always an advantage to take first innings, is well supported, as far as facts and figures go; indeed, it is my belief that if any painstaking statistician were to calculate the results that ensued when the first innings was presented to the other side, he would find that in few cases did success attend the scheme.

To few men is it given to win a match outright for their side by sheer all-round cricket. J. R. Mason is one of these, for his skill both with ball and bat practically won for Kent its match with Somerset, when, too, the latter county appeared at one time to hold all the aces in the pack, and some kings and queens as well. Thus out of 73 runs he scored, going in fifth, 40; and out of 240 a full third, the preceding batsmen having given a very tame display. Further, when Somerset wanted but 48 runs to win and had six wickets to fall, he dashed out five of the six for but 22 runs, and gave his side a handsome victory, so "Hats off, Kent, in honour of your captain!"

Surrey were ignobly defeated by Warwickshire, failing to get 126 runs by just 16. Charlesworth and Hargreave no doubt bowled exceedingly well, but, equally, Surrey batted exceedingly badly, though Abel stayed in for nearly two hours and scored 34 runs. To me, personally, this seems to have been bad policy on the small man's part, though he can hardly have calculated on the poor front his colleagues were prepared to show; yet a batsman of Abel's powers and experience should be well capable of forcing the game, and of knowing when it should be forced. Be the cause what it may, Surrey's number was taken down; and so was that of Nottingham, and by Leicestershire. The sub-latent reason of the latter catastrophe was the brilliant hitting of De Trafford, and the equally brilliant bowling of King; it was, however, a curious wicket, on which only the "forcers" succeeded, Jones and John Gunn doing as well for Notts as De Trafford had done for Leicestershire. This was the first match that Leicestershire has won outright on the new ground, and the first time, I believe, that they have defeated Notts since they were promoted to first-class rank. Rugby and Marlborough had a good game, but I cannot say that the cricket was great; batting, bowling, and fielding were all fair, but nothing more; and I doubt whether there are many, or any, future "Blues" in the two sides put together.

W. J. FORD.

## HORSEMANSHIP . . . IN ALGERIA.

WHETHER we regard them from the civilian or military standpoint, the very remarkable photographs that accompany this article are of interest to both the politician and horseman. To the former they convey some idea of the magnificent cavalry material on which France can draw in time of need, and the latter will see in them striking illustration of the possibilities of well-trained and well-bred cavalry chargers or race-horses. In the last-named capacity, I suppose it will be acknowledged that half-bred English horses from Arab sires do better on the course than the pure article, and training is no doubt at the





M. Emil Frechon.

## GOUMIERS.

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bottom of this. No one who has ridden barbs in their own climate and under conditions to which they are brought up will be inclined to deny that steady racing is about the last consideration in their training. On the contrary, brilliant and short bursts, whether in the fray or in the powder-play that takes its place in time of peace, are the aim of their riders, and an Arab is always

ready to parade (otherwise "show off") whenever there is the smallest hope of an audience. Now and again, too, the stallion — no one but a farmer or merchant rides anything but a stallion in those parts: the farmer rides a mare and the merchant a mule — takes it into its small and wicked head to parade on its own account, particularly when there is a string of camels anywhere nearer than the skyline. When I recall the playful manner of an Arab stallion presented to me a year or two ago by the Sultan of Morocco, when I sat trustingly on its broad back on "some of the most" elementary tracks in the southern Atlas, I shudder. Yet it was on the plains that the worst differences of opinion were brought about, owing chiefly to the fact that, trained in the powder-play, the animal was so extremely sensitive that the least

unconscious touch of the spurs sent him off like lightning, while an equally gentle check brought him back on his haunches in a manner which, as I am now able to perceive, looks very agreeable in photographs. Unfortunately, there was none there to photograph me, and I took all the risks without such consolation. I question whether, either in Algeria or

Morocco, pedigree is nowadays of much account. The old Arab stock of pure Kehailan blood, the existing brood mares of which Mr. Wilfrid Blunt computes at the modest figure of only 5,000, is another matter. The Bedouins of the desert have been very jealous in preserving the aristocracy of the steeds descended, as tradition has it, from Mohammed's five mares who, though they had not tasted water for days of battle, answered (five only out of 20,000) to the trumpets of recall and charged the enemy again within sight of untouched water. All that they are careful about in, for instance, Morocco is that brood mares shall on no account go out of the country, while even stallions may not be exported without a special order of the Court. This, in some other Arab states, is arrived at by putting a fabulous price on the animals, and the



M. Emil Frechon.

## A SPAHI ON HIS WAR HORSE.

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difference of value has now and again compelled the Arab, who rarely goes back on his word, to part with the pearl of his stable at a figure that he deemed prohibitive, but that, alas, the wealthy Nazarene was able to pay without a qualm.

The riding of stallions in those parts occasions much curiosity among new comers, and I wondered, when a few weeks ago I was present at a stallion show in the island of Anglesey, whether anyone else present had ever seen hundreds of saddled stallions in the crowded thoroughfares of great cities, as I had myself. Yet they go amiably enough, and there are so few mares within the towns that *contretemps* are very rare. Once, indeed, just outside the walled city of Marrakesh, a stallion that I was riding became enamoured of a grey lady of his own race, who was grazing with her foal in a paddock, and in a moment he was on his hind legs, very like the animals in these pictures, with my fingers lovingly entwined in his flowing mane, much like those of the gentleman at the foot of this article. English spurs, however, were a pleasant change from the cutting edge of the native stirrup-iron, and the hot-headed one was soon persuaded to renounce the world and the flesh and to behave once more like a sensible servant.

These pictures illustrate three distinct elements of the French army corps in Algeria. First, we have the Goumiers, purely wild native troops, without either training or European officers, their steeds and arms their own property, their duties limited—save in wartime—to mustering on State occasions. Next we have the Spahis, who, with a sprinkling of French troops, are native mercenaries, officered, however, by Europeans. This regiment was drawn from the natives of more than one French colony, and the famous General Yusuf was one of its earliest officers. The brilliant cavalry officer, Margueritte, who fell at Sedan, was also associated in earlier days with a native corps of analogous composition, styled Gendarmes maures. Excellent as they are, these pictures of course give no conception of the smart uniforms worn by these troops. The regimentals of the Spahis include the red cloak, with white reverse, blue baggy breeches, red socks, and camel-hair turban. The European officers wear tight-fitting blue coat with black braid, red breeches, and high riding-boots. The officer's cap, which is peaked, is red and blue, with gold braid.

Quite distinct, but equally striking, are the light blue dolman and tunic, with red collar and breeches, of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, all of whom are Frenchmen, though garrisoned in Algeria. I suppose the origin of these chasseurs (which perform in Algeria the duties of the Chasseurs à cheval in the home districts) is to be traced to the Chasseurs algériens, which were recruited in the early thirties, and distinguished themselves twenty years later in the campaigns against Abdelkader. The officer of the African Chasseur wears a smart light blue cloak with three rows of white buttons, and red breeches with light blue stripes, while his head is covered with a red képi braided with silver. When

we remember some of our own splendid native cavalymen in the East, we may contemplate these French troops with an admiration untinged with envy. The Moorish cavalry is not to be reckoned by similar standards, for "irregular" is essentially the word to apply to its fighting strength and drill evolutions. I question whether at any given moment the young Sultan of Morocco or his War Minister could tell to a thousand or so how many horsemen would be available to defend his throne. Yet, once mustered, regularly paid, and with the smell of the infidel's blood in their nostrils, these native cavalry will fight like demons. One of these days we shall see what we shall see.

F. G. AFLALO.

## DISEASES AMONGST GAME

TO-DAY, it is a fact, we possess no increase of useful knowledge about the diseases of game beyond that we had twenty, and even forty, years ago. It is an unfortunate, and not very creditable, fact; but there is no disputing the truth of it. In spite of the great advance in medical science, and the discovery of the microbe causes of many

diseases, and the treatment which has followed, with more or less success, there is nothing known about the diseases of game birds that has been turned to good account, and, consequently, no treatment for cure, or prevention, exists that is based on scientific knowledge. This is not to be wondered at, as far as grouse are concerned, because when the grouse disease comes those competent to investigate have not always been ready, and those who have attempted the difficult subject have not agreed. They have each discovered, in their own opinions, different originat causes, but neither of them attempted to give the specific disease discovered to healthy grouse; so that all we know is that Dr. Spencer Cobbold discovered a parasite, and that Dr. Klein discovered bacteria in the blood, lungs, and liver of diseased grouse. Whether these originated the diseases from which the birds died, or were cultivated by those diseases, is not known. Grouse disease is not always present, or possibly the owners of moors would hardly permit so much vested interest as the grouse shootings represent to take their chance.

But this cannot be said about the enteritis, which is said to be destroying young pheasants by hundreds. The peculiar thing about enteritis is that it has been subjected to a thorough investigation by Dr. Klein, who, after succeeding in making cultures of the bacilli which produced the disease in fowls and



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ON HIS HIND LEGS

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killed them, carried his experiments very much further, and attenuated the virus in such a manner that it would produce a very mild form of the disease, such as, being recovered from, rendered fowls refractory to the disease, in whatever large doses the cultures were given by injection afterwards. He found that broth cultures, heated to 50 C. for 10 min., still killed the fowls; the same heated for 20 min. still killed them. The culture heated to 55 C. for 15 min. also gave the disease in a fatal form; but the same heat applied to the culture for 20 min. enabled the bacilli to retain their vitality, but not their virulence. Here, then, was apparently the question solved once for all, and all that was necessary was to inject the cultures, after being subjected to this heat, in order to make fowls cull for a day, but proof against greater harm for ever. But after having our hopes raised in this way by Dr. Klein, it is a sort of anti-climax to read the advice he gives for dealing with the disease: "(1) Every fowl that shows any suspicion of the disease should be at once removed, killed, and burned; (2) The remaining fowls should be at once transferred to new ground, and, if practicable,





M. Emil Frechon.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE.

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should be sub-divided in separate small lots; (3) The ground from which the affected fowls have been removed should be turned, disinfected with quicklime, and not used for fowls for a considerable time. These seem to me the best and easiest ways to prevent the healthy fowls contracting the infection by picking up food tainted with the evacuations (full of the specific bacilli) of the diseased fowl."

The first thing that strikes one after getting over, as best possible, the uselessness of scientific discovery (if we are to take a set-back to mere change of ground or the methods of our ancestor-) is that, although it is stated to be this disease from which pheasants are dying (on the ground, I suppose, of their close relationship with fowls), the barn-door poultry in the coops that have the care of the pheasants do not die; it is only the pheasants which suffer. This fact should surely prevent anyone from assuming that remedies which seem to answer for the disease now common are not remedies, and should caution those who assume that this pheasant disease is fowl enteritis from believing themselves better able to make a correct diagnosis than those who see the disease every day and have from practice discovered the best way of bringing it to a check. Probably the only man who could give an opinion worth having about the disease of which the pheasants are dying, is Dr. Klein himself; and even he would not be sure unless he made cultures from the blood of the dead chicks, and then tested those cultures on live pigeons and on fowls. The latter would, if it were true fowl enteritis, die, and the pigeons would not; whereas if it were chicken cholera both would die.

But there are other points about the pheasant disease that strike the observer as being very unlike fowl enteritis. For instance, it seems to be admitted that it is very much less likely to appear in wet seasons than in dry ones; and yet the bacilli of fowl enteritis when dry are dead. So that the hot sun, according to this known fact, should be the greatest purification of the earth. Contrary to this, however, one who has been successful advocates watering the fields in which the young birds are, in order to avoid the spread of the disease. All this seems to show that, whatever the disease may be from which young hand-reared pheasants are dying in such quantities this year, it is not fowl enteritis. Those who assume to know by the appearance of the dead birds sent to them must be very far in advance of Dr. Klein, because from outward appearances he could not tell the difference between enteritis and fowl cholera; so that it is just possible there may be other diseases that show the same external signs, but are in fact totally different and subject to different influences for good or ill.

The watering of the ground has been suggested—first, because in wet seasons, as he has stated, the disease is not common, though it is, unlike grouse disease, never entirely absent for a year, or, as in that case, several years; second, because insect life is not to be had when the ground is parched and dry, and it is well known that pheasants eat insects, and as many as possible. Indeed, Lord Westmorland has formed a very decided opinion that ants' eggs prevent the spread of the disease, and he has acted on his belief and checked the plague in his own rearing fields. He couples the ants' eggs with a field having a good deep, moist soil, and, as a rule, this is precisely the kind of soil

which ants do not choose for their heaps. At least, my experience is that a light soil is the most favoured. There used to be a superstition against the use of too many ants' eggs, for it was thought, with good reason, that the birds were so fond of them that they were, by indulgence, put off other foods; and this was fatal, because the eggs could never be found in quantities sufficient to supply the total food of the young pheasants. It would be interesting also to hear how the mere transplanting of the birds to a field full of anthills served its purpose; for, as a rule, it requires more than a chick's feet and legs to get at the well-protected eggs deep in the earth. At any rate, without assistance, the young birds would not get many eggs; whether they would eat and thrive on the ants themselves I do not know. I have often watched to see if they do eat the live ants, but could never satisfy myself that this is so. Lord Westmorland has been told that the disease he has checked in this way could not have been the enteritis which is so common, and that the diagnosis of himself and his keeper goes for nothing; but those who say this assume, all the time, that the disease which kills the pheasant chicks, and does not kill their foster-parents, the fowls, is fowl enteritis, and, on the other hand, it may be nothing of the sort, but some other totally different disease which gives way to the very simple treatment which Lord Westmorland suggests and Nature provides.

Another observer and pheasant rearer has given similar testimony, only he goes very much further, and, while relying absolutely on the right food as a prevention, does not make it clear what his method is. But he altogether disputes the necessity of change of ground, and he has proved that by putting diseased birds into the same coop with other ones, the healthy birds do not take the disease. If the disease was fowl enteritis, the first thing that would certainly happen under such conditions would be the death of the foster-parent, so that it is clear that this pheasant rearer has been experimenting with a disease which is not fowl enteritis, but which he believed to be the prevailing disease amongst the hand-reared pheasants. This is Mr. H. P. de Winton, and his statements on this subject are of the greatest possible interest, because they seem to point to food as the cause of failure or success, and this is easily within the control of game-keepers. He begins by a truism—"If we feed young pheasants in a time of drought as we should during a wet summer, we shall surely invite disease." He considers this season one of the best on record for wild birds, both pheasants and partridges, and thinks that this proves that the season cannot be in fault. Then he affirms, as many others do also, that stale ground cannot be the cause either. He has reared several hundreds of young pheasants for twelve consecutive seasons on the same ground, and, moreover, in the early spring rears some hundreds of common poultry as well on this ground. Consequently he thinks the case is not made out against stale ground, and probably many people will agree with him. But the statement which is most worth attention is this: "Some years ago I engaged a man to rear pheasants for me on a field on which birds had never been hand-reared before; he lost nearly all the birds from the so-called enteric disease. I was rearing birds myself about 300 yds. from the field, yet did not lose one from the disease, although the birds were all hatched at the same time from eggs laid by the

same stock. I took birds in all stages of the disease, and put them in the coops with the young birds I was rearing. The sick birds all died, but there was no sign of disease amongst my birds. So much for contagion!"

But there is nothing in the list of foods given that suggests this exemption from disease might be due to feeding, because they are all foods very commonly used by pheasant rearers. They are: Hard-boiled egg (very little), boiled rabbit, horseflesh, ground oats, barley meal, maize meal, boiled rice, hemp seed, Indian millet, canary seed, dari, wheat, buckwheat, maize, and a game meal, of which he believes one advertised fool as good as another, black pepper, and flint grit, with plenty of fresh water to drink.

Another man who has lost 1,500 out of 2,500 has moved the birds to covert as the only safe way of stopping the spread of disease, and some other breeders besides Lord Westmorland are firmly convinced that the fault lies in the ground.

It is not certain that all these various views are not sound ones; that is, if the idea that the disease is fowl enteritis is put aside. If it is assumed that one breeder can always feed correctly, whatever the ground—that is, can artificially supply all that is necessary—and another wants the assistance of some insects only to be found on some particular fields, there does not seem very much difficulty in reconciling apparently conflicting statements. Moreover, it may be well to remember that James Mayes, when he was rearing more pheasants in the seventies and eighties than anybody in England, as head keeper to the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, near Thetford, had but one preventive against disease in young pheasants. He moved them into covert, under the trees from which insects were dropping all day long. Pheasants make their home in covert naturally, and perhaps there is reason for it.

ARGUS OLIVE.



THE American antelope (*Antilocapra americana*) is the "prong buck" of natural history, and differs so greatly from all other existing ruminants that a distinct family—*Antilocapridæ*—has been created for its exclusive reception. In Montana it is unknown by any designation except antelope, by which name I refer to it in the following account. Antelope attain their full growth at four years, when an average buck stands 2ft. 10in. in height at the wither, and a doe 2ft. 9in. They are considerably higher at the croup than at the shoulder. An adult buck weighs from 100lb. to 110lb., a three year old buck about 80lb., and a full-grown doe from 70lb. to 80lb., weighed clean, as deer are weighed in Scotland. In colour they are a pale reddish yellow, mixed with white; the distribution of these colours will be better understood from the accompanying photographs than from any written description.

The tail, about 3½in. long, is included in the large white rump-patch, the hair of which is capable of being erected at times of astonishment or excitement. A young antelope, if surprised away from the herd and chased on horseback, will run for a mile or more with hair raised in this manner, and in these circumstances resembles nothing so much as a circular fan of swan's-down gliding over the prairie. Great numbers of young antelope are kept as pets in Montana by the wives and daughters of ranchmen. While easily reared and speedily taught to drink milk for themselves, the greatest care must be taken to wash their mouth after each repast, lest sour milk licked from the lips should prove fatal. Unsuspecting strangers from the East are induced to buy many of these pets, unaware of the fact that sage brush is a vital necessity in their diet, the want of which they will not long survive.

The fawns are found by a careful survey of the ground frequented by a doe; but since the newly-born offspring remains crouching in the grass for some days, it is a rare occurrence to find the mother with the young. She stands up to suckle it when the coast is clear, but at other times will keep far away, and only once have I surprised them actually together. On this occasion the doe ran about half a mile in her first panic, and then, recovering herself, endeavoured to decoy me from the fawn by running in circles round me with frequent pauses.

The does may drop their young at any time during April or May, when the number of single fawns or twins born appear to

be about equal, but early arrivals probably suffer great mortality from storms. During the rutting season, which takes place in September, the bucks are very pugnacious. After making a few feints they manage to get their heads together and, kneeling down, work round and round, using their knees as a pivot. Typical antelope horns are 12in. long, 6in. in circumference at the base, and 6in. from the base to the snag or branch on the anterior side. Fourteen-inch horns are not very uncommon, but any over this length are exceedingly rare. Always black in colour, they are subject to many variations of shape, but generally curve inwards towards each other. There is no snag until the second year, a faint knob in the yearling indicating where it will grow.

All does have tubercles concealed in the hair, which in a few individuals become rudimentary horns of about an inch long; but external horns of greater length are scarcely ever developed, and I have only seen them once. Adult males shed the horn sheaths in November, and have them completely renewed again by the end of February; but yearlings lose them in December, January, or February, indifferently, the renewal being accomplished in about three months. The speed and endurance of antelopes are very great, and their fleetness far exceeds that of all other quadrupeds on the American continent. That they are occasionally caught by horses or greyhounds I attribute to the fact that the stoutest among the latter are longer winded, and range horses bred from thoroughbreds sometimes distance them in a long chase. An instance of this kind gave rise to a saying among the men of the Cross S. horse ranch that they could corral a bunch of antelope if allowed to pick their mounts. On the occasion in question Mr. Walter Lindsay, the manager, sent out men to collect some wild mares which had never been corralled. Soon after the mares had been started, a desperate broncho buster, "The Missouri Kid," on a chestnut horse named Valley Lad, about seven-



A MASTER BUCK.

eights thorough-bred, forged ahead of his companions in his efforts to circumvent the wild herd. As the mares crossed the bottom of a wide and deep creek, a bunch of startled antelope joined in the race, and kept with them for about three miles. Valley Lad went clean through the antelope, scattering them to right and left, but just failed to catch the mares, which had too much start and outstayed him.

In Montana antelope are scarcely ever caught by the very



best greyhounds (in eleven years I only know four instances), and the capacity of a horse to keep with them at all is overwhelming proof of its speed and staying power. I never owned a greyhound myself that was able fairly to catch an antelope. One very game dog could generally cut one out from a bunch and turn it once or twice afterwards; but just as he seemed about to rush and seize his quarry he invariably collapsed. Finding that my own dogs could not overtake antelope, and reading frequently in works on American sport of their capture by greyhounds, I wrote to one George King, a noted authority, for his views on the subject. King was employed by the X.I.T. Cattle Company to keep their range free from wolves; he was supplied, in consequence, with large numbers of the finest greyhounds, and was famous for his reckless riding after them. He wrote under date March 28th, 1900:

"In reply to your questions about greyhounds catching antelope, I will say that I have never seen the dog that can run with an antelope. I have 'run' some of the best dogs in this country, and have never had, nor seen, a hound that could come anywhere near catching an antelope."

There are few more exhilarating pursuits than a November ride through unsettled country in search of antelope, where the yellow expanse of spear grass and wild oats gives no evidence of swaths cut by the encroaching machine. The innumerable buntings which animate the plains in summer are now all gone; but, as the creeks are crossed, prairie chicken can be observed sitting in the trees—a sure indication of approaching winter—while southward-bound geese fly over to the river, only equalled in wariness by the antelope on the range. Wherever water is plentiful immense droves of horses may be met with, and large flocks of sheep, each flock attended by a single herdsman, with nothing but his dog to enliven his solitude for months, apart from the ever-prowling, howling coyotes, the antelope skimming over the plain, and the rough-legged buzzard sailing in the blue. But far away from any water suitable for domestic stock the harder antelope may haunt some paltry red alkali spring, remote from man's disturbance, and known only to them. The thickets at Cedar Creek afforded splendid camping ground, and to the hunter benighted on the prairie the broad, black streak of cedars stood out in the moonlight an infallible guide. In the early nineties this was a fine game country, and from any high hill different antelope herds, numbering about a hundred in each, could be seen grazing peacefully across the plain. Even in November, 1896, when E. (my wife) and I last hunted there, antelope and mule deer were by no means scarce; and it was pleasant to see the latter emerge from the cedars in the evening, an old buck shaking his head and herding the does as they straggled to the water.

On the first day of our hunt we found a herd of seventy-five antelope, but could do nothing with them, as they were stampeded by a bunch of range horses. At the next trial we discovered the same herd feeding down wind on the north side of a heavily-timbered creek; whereupon, leaving E. and the horses, I walked up its frozen channel until opposite to the antelope, having previously marked their position by hills beyond. The dense cotton-woods and a very high wind aiding me, I soon crawled through the sage brush into a good place



LEARN TO DRINK MILK FOR THEMSELVES.

for observing without alarming them. A large bunch were feeding towards a tributary creek some distance away, but a smaller herd of about twenty-five directly in front of me seemed quite close, although out of shot. In this small party there were only two bucks, and those the nearest, while the remainder consisted of females and young, the white faces of the does presenting a strong contrast to the coal black faces of the old males. The leader was, I think, the finest antelope I ever saw, his long horns curving so much that they appeared to meet over his forehead. The other buck was nearly as good, but with normal horns. Some of the females were lying on a bank, while the others stood huddled up, occasionally moving about to feed, but without any of the grace associated with deer. Seen thus they strike the observer as angular, capriform animals, with bent fore legs and hind legs drawn under them; and it is then hard to imagine that, when fear lends them wings, they will skim like a flock of birds over the prairie.

As usual, the yearlings took every opportunity to rest, and kept rising or lying down again beside their dams, according as the latter walked or stood. The two bucks were steadily grazing towards me, and, creeping forward, I managed to reach a thick clump of sage brush, which brought the distance to about 175 yds., although the height of similar plants all around almost entirely concealed the quarry. The behaviour of a herd of antelope in the presence of a suspected danger never varies. First the does, one or more, become uneasy and begin to bark, or cough, putting the rest on the *qui vive*, and warning the master buck to investigate. He will then start the herd by making a little trot to one side from their midst; and, should he be grazing apart from the others, as in the present case, he will return to them before he gives the signal for all to go. When the herd is well under way he drops to the rear, and a female forthwith assumes the lead. In the position I now occupied I could have made excellent practice, had not the ubiquitous sage prevented me from sufficiently elevating the muzzle of the rifle without raising myself as well. I was therefore compelled to get very carefully into a sitting position, and just as I aligned the shoulder of the best buck



THE WELL-TRAINED HORSE IN FULL VIEW.



ANTELOPE FIVE MONTHS OLD.

some of the does began to bark. I pulled the trigger immediately, and all the antelope started off at the report, the last section catching up with the front, while the buck I had fired at brought up the rear on his smooth canter. I felt that I could hardly have missed him broadside on at something like 160 yds., and was not surprised to see him presently stop, walk some paces backwards, and subside into the sage brush. The rest of the herd at once wheeled and waited for him, thereby supplying confirmation, if it had been needed, that he was the master buck.

F. C.



THE SEA HOLLIES.

**A**MONG hot-weather flowers the Sea Hollies (*Eryngiums*) may be regarded as the most useful. They seem proof against weeks of pitiless sun, which dries up Hollyhocks, Larkspurs, Phloxes, and many other hardy plants, but stimulates the *Eryngiums* into vigorous development. Sea Hollies are of many kinds, and the native *E. maritimum*, which grows plentifully on many coasts, is a good garden plant, but the other kinds are, in a way, more interesting in the border or wherever they are put. We mean the beautiful *E. alpinum*, *E. olivierianum*, *E. giganteum*, and *E. planum*. The Sea Hollies enjoy a warm soil and sunshine, and before the bluish flowers appear they possess an unusual kind of beauty because of their silvery grey foliage, quite thistle-like in some of the species, and reminding one of Holly leaves in others. Where possible free groups should be formed, associating the plants with masses of *Alstroemeria*s, Tea and China Roses, and things of free growth. *E. planum* is worth using in this way. It is of a more slender growth than the other species, and has a wealth of neat heads of blue flowers, a pleasing association with the silvery leaves. Sea Hollies are easily raised from seed, and bees seem to appreciate their presence in the garden, if one may judge from the way they cluster on the plants, especially those of *E. planum*.

## RANUNCULUS LINGUA.

It is strange that certain plants of great garden importance are quite rare, and *R. Lingua*, the great Spearwort, is one of these. We were reminded of it a few days ago by the unusual picture of many colonies of it by a well-planted lake margin. It is a native species, tall, and handsome in both leaf and flower. The flower is like a large yellow buttercup, a pure good yellow, and makes an effect in the water garden. We believe it is not offered in trade catalogues, as we have looked through several for it without success.

## THE GUM CISTUSES.

A beautiful planting of *Cistus laurifolius*, *C. ladaniferus*, and others the writer saw lately in a Surrey garden. It was an object-lesson as to the right

use of shrubs, picturesque in growth and charming in colour. The soil was sandy, a warm hill top, where Birch and Heather combine to form a copse, run through with grassy paths, and broken by shrubs and plants that enjoy such surroundings. In an open space, with Birch and Pine around, were the big Gum Cistus bushes, covered with their white and sometimes white crimson-blotched flowers, and giving out a warm piny smell. It is pleasant to brush against a Cistus bush so as to smell its wholesome fragrance. Before the sun rises the Cistus groups are most beautiful, the frail petals fluttering to the ground as midday approaches, until the evening time comes again to freshen the flowers that have not yet fallen. These bushes are 6ft., 7ft., and 8ft. high, and show that for a warm soil, dry and poor, as this must be, where Pine and Birch are happy, the Cistuses are things to plant with every hope of a good growth.

## A FEW GOOD GARDEN ROSES.

It is always well to make note of garden plants when visiting places where they are a success. In this way the risk of failure is reduced, and the garden gains greatly from the wealth of flowers through a wise selection. The following Roses were delightful a few days ago in a garden in Berkshire, and were planted last March, immediately before a sharp spell of hard frost. Some 300 plants were put in, and hardly a failure has to be recorded, the varieties being chiefly of the pure Tea, Hybrid Tea, and China groups.

*Souvenir de Catherine Guillot*.—A group of twelve plants was as beautiful as anything we have seen this summer. This is a Tea Rose, strong in growth, with good foliage, and flowers of wonderful colouring; the buds are quite crimson, and the open flowers are delicate rose salmon, passing to soft yellow towards the base of the petals. Though perfectly double, there is an absence of anything approaching solidity. A charming flower for the table.

*Mme. Laurette Messimy*.—This was in profusion, sometimes in groups by itself, sometimes with its beautiful companion, *Mme. Eugene Resal*. *Mme. Laurette Messimy* is a Hybrid China, as free almost as the common China, with loose rose and salmon flowers, a bundle of petals which seem to flutter in the wind. It is possible from a few plants to cut handfuls of flowers for the house, which, arranged in a simple glass, form a decoration of rare sweetness.

*Papa Gontier*.—An excellent garden Tea Rose of free growth, flowering abundantly. The colour is a somewhat harsh and full rose, with a touch of purple in it, but not unpleasantly so. Its rich shade is welcome. The colouring is decided, with no shading to any other tint upon the lower half of the florets. It must not be put near purples, crimsons, or pinks.

*Marquise de Salisbury*.—A brilliant Hybrid Tea Rose of the *Princesse de Sagan* class, and as free almost as the China Rose. Very few of its intense crimson flowers are needed to make a bright group of colour, and its effectiveness is more pronounced when it is placed against the lovely Viscountess Folkestone or some good white, or nearly so, as *Edith Gifford*, *White Maman Cochet*, or *The Bride*.

*G. Nabonnand*.—No good garden should be without Nabonnand's most beautiful production. This is a Tea Rose of great beauty. It is a pure Tea, and with the charming foliage of its race, the flowers on slender stems, bent slightly with their weight, and not showing their lovely colouring so much as one could wish. But there is grace in this drooping; it seems necessary in a flower so delicate in colour and in form. Softest rose and yellow, with a little salmon shade, are painted upon the tender petals. It is one of the Roses to plant not for their value in the garden alone, but for cutting also.

Other Tea Roses of great value—because successful almost everywhere—are *Maman Cochet*, its white sport called *White Maman Cochet*, the lovely semi-double *Killarney* (which was described recently in *COUNTRY LIFE*), the China *Cramoisie Supérieure*, *Mme. Hoste*, *The Bride*, the climber *Paul's Single White*, *Viscountess Folkestone*, the deliciously fragrant *Grüss an Teplitz*, but of a somewhat crude crimson colour, *Marie Van Houtte*, *Mme. Lambard*, *La France*, *Caroline Testout*, and the beautiful rugosa or Japanese Rose, *Blanche de Coubert*. A group of the last-mentioned was one of the best things in the garden. Many of these Roses are upon their own roots, and later on, when a thorough examination has been made of the results of Briar *versus* own roots, we shall be able to give fuller information than is possible now. A mixture of the common China Rose and Lavender was so good that we mention it for our readers to copy. The Lavender must be planted in a free group with a mixture of the Rose, not too crowded, but sufficiently so to let the Rose shoots run through and above the Lavender. Every one of these Roses was planted late last spring, as already mentioned, and in abundant flowering in June, while in late July there was a rich promise of an uninterrupted display until the late autumn.

## SWEET WILLIAMS OF GOOD COLOUR.

The Sweet William is so good a garden flower that it is important to sow only kinds of pure self colours, and, when once a good variety has been obtained, to propagate it by cuttings. A deep crimson, almost black, both in single and double forms, is beautiful in a mass, and all the colours should be self of pure shades, not speckled or spotted kinds, which by the side of a good self are poor and irritating. There is no restfulness in these bizarre and poor-coloured flowers, so often praised as things distinct and good in the garden. The same remarks apply to the speckled *Antirrhinums*. Nothing is so effective as a rich crimson, pure white, and yellow in light or deep shades.

## THE COMMON FURZE OR GORSE.

From the days when the greatest of botanists testified to the marvellous beauty of an English common aglow with the flower of the Furze or Gorse until the present time its praises have been constantly sung, and it may seem somewhat superfluous to note anything about it. A correspondent writes: "I should, however, very much like to draw attention to its recuperative power, rising phoenix-like from its own ashes. Some six weeks ago we had a big common fire in this neighbourhood, sweeping over several acres, and burning everything with which it came in contact, Scotch Firs, Birches, Ferns, and Gorse. I had occasion to go over the ground the other day, and especially noted the Gorse. There is not a bit of it (and many of the bushes were 6ft. high) that is not dead right to the ground; but out of the ground the young growth is springing, clean healthy stuff that looks in a fair way to quickly clothe the present blackened area with a mass of green."

## AUSTRIAN BRIAR ROSES AS DWARF STANDARDS.

"P." writes: "Low standard Roses having stems about 18in. high are attractive and also useful. Tea Roses of the more refined kinds (or perhaps I should say show kinds, because none can be so refined as the lovely decorative Roses) are generally supposed to produce finer blossoms from the hedge Briar than upon the dwarf stock, and where they are wanted for exhibition, these low standards should be employed. But few can have any idea of the great



beauty some of the garden Roses assume when builded up on low standards. The Austrian Briar, Harrisoni, the Copper Austrian, the Persian Yellow, or the single Yellow Austrian, all have a grace and beauty peculiarly their own when so budded. They are useful, too, where the grouping of these kinds is done effectively and on a large scale. Other good garden Roses, such as Perle d'Or (the loveliest of the Polyantha Roses), Mme. Eugene Resal, and Queen Mab (two gems among the monthlies), Crimson Rambler, Camoens, and a host of others, all are most effective as dwarf standards, and should be more freely planted."

#### SPIRÆA GIGANTEA.

A noble plant for wet places. It is over 8ft. in height, and at this time its stems are bent with the weight of cream-white flower masses. It is a thorough Spiræa, and cannot be mistaken for anything else, though so tall and distinct.

#### HIDALGOA WERCKLEI.

Two years ago Mr. J. L. Childs, of Floral Park, New York, startled the horticultural world with this fine climbing Dahlia-like plant. It was obtained by Mr. Childs, in the first place, from Mr. Carlo Werckle, who collected it on a mountain in Costa Rica in 1898. It is a rapid-growing, evergreen, succulent-stemmed plant, with finely-divided leaves, by the stalks of which it is enabled to cling for support. The flowers strongly resemble those of a single Dahlia. The ray florets are about ten in number, bright scarlet, and a little over an inch long. The disc florets are few in number, yellow, and form a tuft in the centre of the inflorescence. So far its worst failing has been the opening of a very few flowers at once, but this may be remedied as the culture becomes better known. It is possible that two year old plants will flower better than young ones, and such promises to be the case from a plant under notice. Its proper place is a sunny greenhouse, though it grows freely enough out of doors in summer, and stands as much frost without injury as an ordinary Dahlia. It roots readily from cuttings, and likes a rich loamy soil.

## AN . . . . . AFFECTIONATE . . . . . FALCON.

I HAVE elsewhere told some stories of a favourite falcon, Blanche, a docile and, to me, an affectionate bird. Most hawks know their keepers, or feeders, well enough; but to find one showing real affection for a man is extremely rare, seeing it must be manifested without gift or reward of any kind to deserve the name, and this condition Blanche constantly fulfilled.

On one occasion when she had been lost and we were tired of looking for her, the day being warm and restful, I actually went to sleep on the grass by a gateway, only to be awakened by the ringing of a hawk-bell, and to find Blanche perched on the gate-post, waiting to take her place on my proffered hand.

On another occasion, having lost her and being pressed for time, we had to leave her out at evening, and set off homeward with heavy hearts, well knowing that, as Pells used to say, "the sky is a very large cage." But three miles further along our road we were surprised to hear a hawk's bell overhead; and from the direction whence we had come Blanche shot into view. I held out my hand, and down she came and pitched on it. Where she had been I do not know, but she had not fed, and had doubtless been in search of me for some time. She was never once "left out" all the time I had her.

Towards myself she was uniformly most confiding and fearless, though to all others she was wild, strange, and shy to a degree. For instance, though she would readily come out of the sky or from a tall tree to settle on my hand, often without the inducement of anything to eat on it, she could never be got to feed or sit on my falconer's hand for any purpose whatsoever, and never grew any tamer towards him all the time we had her. He somewhat resented this, and was heard to attribute it to "cupboard love." Be this as it may, she would voluntarily come to me for little or nothing, whilst entirely refusing food from anybody else. Indeed, when I was not to the fore, my falconer could not feed her on his fist as he should have done, and was obliged to fling the food on the ground in front of her block. I have over and over again seen her, having caught a wild partridge and I approaching her, when we were within a few yards of one another, hold the dead bird in one foot, and

scuffle and drag it along till she reached my feet, and then, incredible as it may seem, she would leave the bird and come on my gloved hand, though it offered no food at all. And, latterly, she was so pleased to be with me that, having flown and struck down a partridge and caught it, she habitually refused to kill it or to hurt it further till I came up.

Another instance of her discriminating preference for her owner, while so fearful of men generally, may here be related. Late one afternoon we were with her on the high land above my Stroud home. The air was beautifully calm; our good old dog had plenty of scent; and Blanche knew as well as he what we were about, and ringed and mounted (as indeed was her usual practice) so directly above my head, that my neck ached from the strain of looking up to her vertical pitch. My servant putting up the birds, down came the falcon. Short shrift had the partridge which she took close to a wall beside the path we were following. Of course I went up willingly enough to feed and encourage her, while she, on her part, evinced her usual pleasure on seeing me approaching. While she was eating, and still looking up at me, I saw a look of sudden terror come into her eyes; out went her wings, and she jumped into the air, carrying with her the head only of the quarry, and went right off in a vast hurry over one of the steepest and most precipitous valleys in the district.

"We have lost her now, belike," said my falconer. There was not the vaguest hope of finding her; for it was impossible to see into the valley from that place; nor was there anyone to tell us whither she had gone. My man said he would go and look for her, but changed his intention when reminded that she would have nothing to do with him. All this passed rapidly enough, and looking for some cause of this strange behaviour in my favourite hawk, I saw a farmer walking down the path-way, and quietly regarding us. He was a friend of mine, and asked where the hawk was. "I cannot tell you, but I hope she will soon be here again; and the only thing against it is that she has a partridge's head in her foot, and when she has done with it may be again to seek." My man eagerly went in search of her, though I explained that so soon as she had done with the small partridge head she had carried off she would fly back to me, impelled by the "cupboard love" above mentioned. And so it befel.

"I hear a hawk's bell," said the farmer; and, sure enough, there she came, from a considerable height, straight to me, and alighted on the wall in front. I produced the body of the partridge from my pocket, and a second later she was on my hand again. Of course I replaced her swivel and leash; and her hood I always carried in a place where I was sure of it. A whistle and shout soon brought back the falconer, and we returned homeward, glad indeed at this termination of what might have proved a most unfortunate accident.

From the falconer's standpoint Blanche's best characteristic, perhaps, was her indifference, however long kept waiting on the wing, to any passing wood-pigeon. These birds, so attractive to most trained hawks, are the real bane of game-hawking in England at the present day, and the cause of more hawks being shot than anyone would believe, especially in the autumnal months, when the country seems full of them—from the Wilts Downs to the closest wooded enclosures. I never once saw Blanche look at one; but she would patiently wait on for half-an-hour, at a great height, for the little brown bird she hoped I should show her.

Those who read my notes on a hawk called Wonderful (COUNTRY LIFE, 1901), will notice the remarkable difference in temperament between that bird and Blanche. The latter began her career as a tame hawk with me, and was entered at grouse in her first season. Some further instances of her docility and affection are related in my "Reminiscences of a Falconer."

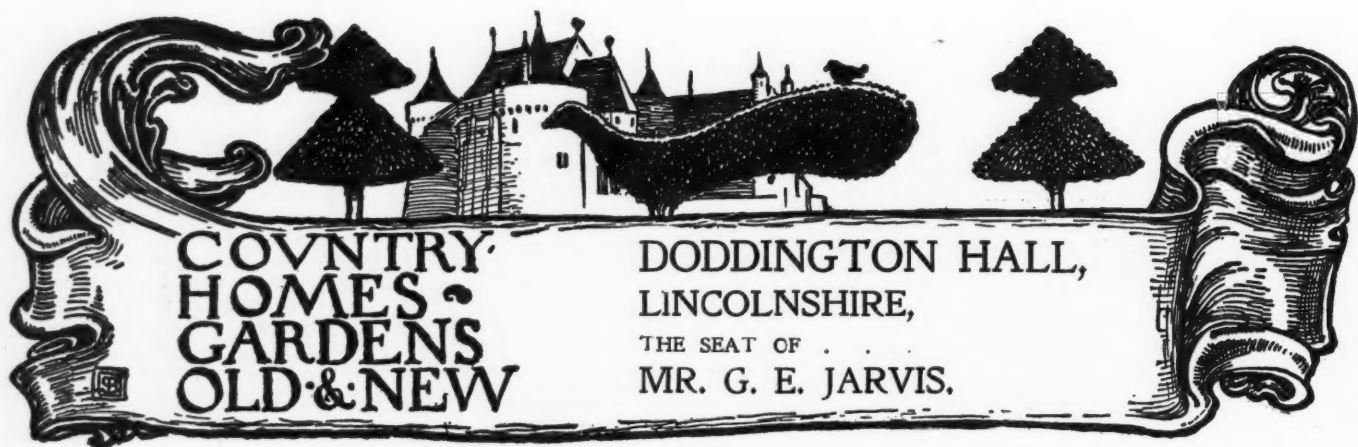
C. HAWKINS FISHER.



Norman May and Co., Ltd.

OSWALD AND DESMOND, SONS OF MRS. A. PAGET.

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**D**ODDINGTON HALL is one of the many remarkable houses which distinguish the county of Lincoln. The ancient seat of the Pigots and Burghs, the place came by purchase to the Saviles, and in 1593 to Thomas Taylor, or Tailor, gentleman, who was registrar to the Bishop of Lincoln, and who built the grand structure we depict. It stands in a fine situation six miles south-west of the famous city, and is a most imposing and characteristic example of the domestic architecture of the age of Elizabeth. The house is large, lofty, and impressive, with a fine play of light and shadow upon its noble frontages. There are all the features that we associate with that "spacious age," in which men had learned to love the light, and, instead of looking in upon a courtyard, and holding a questioning front to the strangers that approached, as in the earlier turbulent times, had begun to look out upon the beautiful things that lay around, and to enter more fully into the lives and occupations of their fellow-men. Doddington Hall consists of a central block rising to the height of three stories, with great projecting wings, and a noble porch in the midst, which gives to its main frontage that plan of the letter E which we associate with the time of Elizabeth. The frontage rises at each end, within the bays, to octagonal turrets, crested by cupolas, and over the lofty porch, which rises to the roof, is a similar cupola, lending great character to the house.

The approach derives part of its charm from the quaint gate-house through which we enter the forecourt, and the magnificent trees which cast down their flecked expanse of shade, half revealing and half concealing the glorious features of the architecture of the hall. The noble porch is singularly attractive, the entrance being by a flight of steps and a round arch, flanked by pillars, while above are the mullioned windows of the porch chamber, and above these still another chamber, from which it is pleasant to look out over the beautiful things that lie before.

In its height and character the mansion is analogous to some others that exist in the Eastern Shires, and the curious in such matters may find in its structure some interesting architectural analogies. It was built by Thomas Taylor, in Elizabeth's reign, as already stated, but has obviously since gone through various changes, and is now maintained in a state which it perhaps never knew before. From the Taylors it came to the great Lincolnshire family of Hussey, of whom was John Lord Hussey, the stout noble who lost his life for his share in the Pilgrimage of Grace, refusing to reveal his associates. Sir Edward Hussey, first Baronet, of Honington, married in or before 1610 the daughter of George Anton, Recorder of Lincoln, by Jane, daughter of Thomas Taylor of Doddington, and his widow succeeded to the Doddington estate in 1653.







GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—DODDINGTON HALL: THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE SOUTH DRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Her grandson, the second Baronet, Sheriff of Lincolnshire and M.P. for Lincoln and Lincolnshire, lived at the grand old house, which passed, with the marriage of his daughter, and ultimately sole heiress, Sarah, to Robert Apreece of Washingley in Huntingdonshire, and to his descendants. It became the portion of his daughter, and, by marriage, passed to the

Delavals, and was purchased in 1829-30 by Colonel G. R. P. Jarvis, grandfather of the present proprietor.

There were fine gardens about the place long ago. A bird's-eye view of the house and its surroundings is in Knyff's and Kip's "Britannia Illustrata" (1706-10), in which is seen the green grass plat which lay before the picturesque gatehouse,



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THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



flanked by formal rows of trees, and on the right stood the church, which still is there. Entering through the gatehouse, there was reached another area of grass, where now the fine trees stand, and the roadway led up to the porch. On the right hand, beyond a hedge, lay a formal garden, divided into four parterres by footpaths. Beyond the house was another quadrangular garden, also divided into four spaces by the paths which crossed it from opposite sides, while to the right lay the orchards and fruit gardens. Beyond, again, and entered through a gate, was another secluded garden, divided into two areas by hedges, and within these the parterres were laid out in twisted shapes. All about were fruit gardens, while the farm buildings were to the left, and away into the distance extended an avenue towards the west. These gardens were very characteristic of the time. Walpole, in his "Modern Gardening," speaking of the days before the invention of the ha-ha or sunken fence, which he thought a "capital stroke," referred to Kip's views, saying that they displayed the same "tiresome and returning uniformity." "Every house is approached by two or three gardens, consisting perhaps of a gravel walk and two grass plats, or borders of flowers. Each rises above the other by two or three steps, and as many walks and terraces; and so many iron gates that we recollect those ancient romances in which every entrance was guarded by nymphs or dragons." At Lady Oxford's place in Dorsetshire there was, when Walpole's brother married, a double enclosure of thirteen gardens, each, he supposed, not 100yds. square, with an enfilade of corresponding gates; "and, before you arrived at these, you passed a narrow gut between two stone terraces that rose above your head and you were crowned by a line of



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THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

pyramidal yews." We reproduce Kip's view of Doddington Hall, and it will be seen, especially if the house were approached from the avenue, that the arrangement generally conformed to what Walpole described.

The grounds of Doddington have gone through many changes since that time, but there are still finely-clipped hedges enclosing the gardens, such as would have existed in those days. They may be seen well in our pictures of the broad walk and of the drive from the south, and gates such as Walpole spoke of are beyond the south garden. On the west front there lies before the house a radiant parterre filled with brilliant summer flowers, and offering a strong contrast to the dark green of the ivy, which itself contrasts



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

delightfully with the mellow hue of the brick and stone. There are well-clipped trees also, which add a touch of quaintness that is very delightful, and old garden walls remain, and are vested with many clinging growths. Much more might be said about the special attractions and features of these fine gardens at Doddington, but we shall leave our pictures to disclose more of their charms than words could convey.

Among the many interesting things at Doddington are good tapestries and oak carvings, and in the long gallery (100ft.) is a "Hagar and Ishmael" by Guido, with pictures by Lely and Reynolds, and a portrait of the Lord Hussey who was beheaded by Henry VIII. for his share in the Pilgrimage of Grace. More curious than any of these is that old instrument of torture the "brank," or scold's bridle—a speaking illustration of the huge gap that lies between the present age and that of the Stuarts, the Commonwealth, and William III., in which this monstrous implement was mostly employed. The Doddington brank is an iron mask entirely covering the face, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, the plate being hammered out to fit the nose; and a long conical peak has been affixed before the mouth, which gives a very grotesque appearance. There appears to be no knowledge of the origin of this particular specimen, but it is one of the most interesting in existence. It would not appear that the brank was ever a legal punishment, and it was, indeed, complained in 1655 that it was illegal and improper; and certainly the punishment for scolding was by law the "cucking-stool," of which one used to exist at Worthing. Lunacy was in those times not well understood, and many harmless maniacs wandered about the country, jeered at by gaping crowds. If they became furious it was not to be wondered at, and the brank appears often to have been their reward. Plot, in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," describes one that existed at Newcastle-under-Lyme, which checked the tongue so effectually that he looked upon it as preferable to the cucking-stool, "which



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THE CHURCH AND GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty 'twixt every dropp; to neather of which is that at all lyable, it being such a bridle to the tongue, as not only deprives them of speech, but brings shame for the transgression and humility thereupon, before 'tis taken off." Thus thought and wrote that old keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

It is more pleasant to remember that not far away from Doddington lies a place which will ever be associated with the honour done by a great king to a good woman. Just across the Nottinghamshire border is the village of Harby, some eight miles from Lincoln, where Queen Eleanor died on November 28th, 1290. The King was holding a great council at Clipston, in Sherwood Forest near by, when the Queen was seized by her fatal illness, and was removed to the house of Richard de Weston, one of her gentlemen in attendance, at Harby, where she died. Her heart was buried under a splendid tomb at the east end of Lincoln Cathedral, while her embalmed body was removed to Westminster, where it now reposes, and at every place on the road



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THE SOUTH GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—THE BROAD WALK AT DODDINGTON HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



DODDINGTON HALL IN 1736.

where it had rested there rose a cross, a gem of the best period of English architecture, at which the wayfarer was bidden to pray for the repose of his soul. There were three of these crosses in Lincolnshire—at Lincoln, Grantham, and Stamford—but all are destroyed, and only the crosses at Northampton, Geddington, and Waltham Cross now remain. We have thought that these local historical notes would add something to the interest of the splendid house at Doddington.

## SUNDIAL INSCRIPTIONS.

THE science of marking the flight of time before the existence of clocks and watches, or their predecessors, the "clepsydras"—which measured the hours by the pouring of water from a graduated vessel—was handed down to us from the East at a very remote period. There are some dials in Ireland that belong to the seventh and eighth centuries. The form of these is peculiar, consisting of flat vertical slabs of stone set up in ancient graveyards like tombstones, and their special use was, apparently, to mark the canonical hours for prayer. In this respect they served the same purpose as those on the Mahomedan mosques, which, moreover, were supplied with indicators to remind the worshippers of Mecca. It may suffice to note their existence, without a description of any in particular.

I have collected descriptive accounts of a large number of British and foreign examples of the most interesting dials; but within the limits of a brief article I restrict my notes to a few in our own provinces.

To myself—as a member of the most ancient and venerable of all existing orders, the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem—the dial at Millrigg, Cu'gaith, near Penrith, must have a special interest. Millrigg was taken from the Order by Henry VIII., and given to a gentleman named Dalston. There he resided, and there he died, A.D. 1692. The despoiled Hospitallers had succeeded the Knights Templars, to whom the house originally belonged, together with the Manor of Temple Sowerby. The dial at Millrigg has four sides, two of which bear inscriptions of a singularly quaint character.

The play on the two words—one in English and the other in French—points to the travels of these Crusaders through France, and their acquaintance with the language of that country. The

motto consists of a dialogue between the dial and the passenger on one side of the timepiece, and on the other the summing-up of the sage monitor's conclusions, in answer to the passenger's reply:

"DIAL.  
State, Passenger,  
Tell me thy name;  
Thy Nature,

PASSR.  
Thy name is die  
All. I a Mortal  
Creature.

DIAL.  
Since my name,  
And thy nature,  
Soe agree;  
Thinke on thy selfe  
When thou looks  
Vpon me."

Stanwardine Hall, near Baschurch, was once the seat of the Corbet family (related to friends of mine). It is a fine Elizabethan structure, now used as a farmhouse, but the dial which stood in front of the hall is no longer there. An illustration of the fine old mansion is nevertheless given.

Petton Park, which stands in the same property, and is the seat of the Cunliffe family (nearly related to the De Traffords and other of the oldest families of the neighbourhood), must now be visited, to see the ancient standard dial above-named. The following account of it is given in the words of the proprietor himself, through whose kind permission I have obtained the right to use the accompanying photograph:

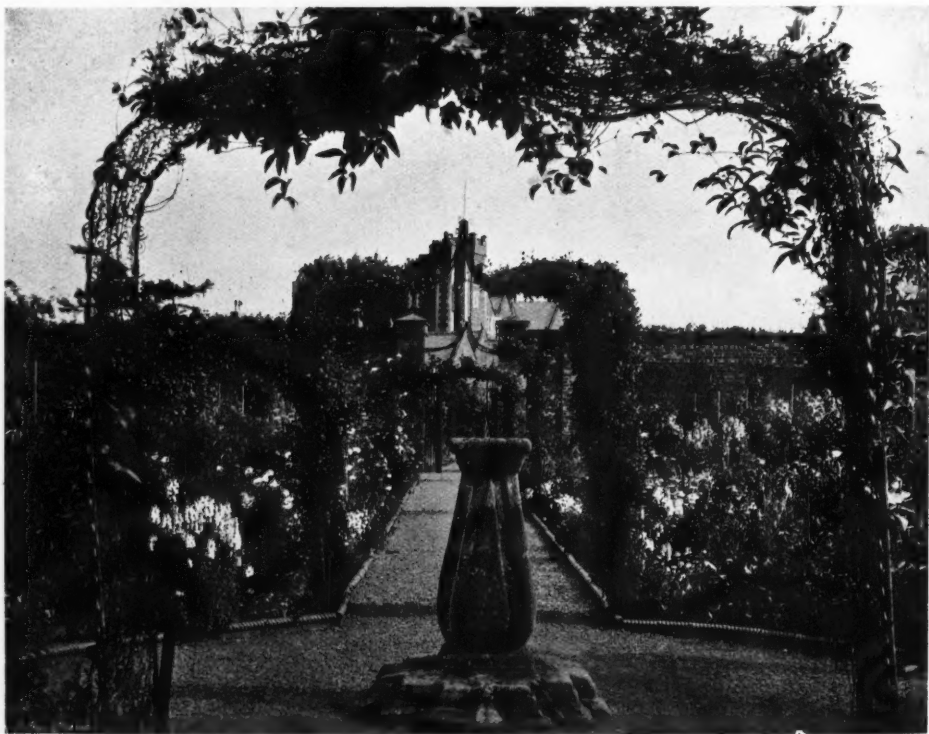
"The Petton sundial stood, about 100 years ago, at Stanwardine Hall, which was once the property of the Corbet family. Stanwardine became the property of the Wynns of Wynnstay, and lastly that of the Sparling family, of whom Mrs. Cunliffe of Petton is the last survivor. The plinth appears to be of older date than the upright shaft. The dial is of silver. It bears on the right and left upper corners the words

'As Tyme doth haste, so Ly'e doth Waste,'

and

'In the Howre of Death, God be Merciful unto Me.'

On the right and left lower corners are a squirrel and the Elephant and Castle. In the centre the raven, the Corbet



PETTON PARK: THE SUNDIAL FROM STANWARDINE HALL.



crest. The date engraved above is 1560, and then come the lines :

"He that will thrive  
Must rise at five.  
He that has thriven  
May lye till seven.  
He that will neve thrive  
May lye till eleven."

We have a considerable number of dials in the form of a cross, but none bear a better motto than that to be seen on one such near Lichfield, in the vicarage garden at Shenstone. The following mottoes are inscribed on the sides of an octagonal table supported on a pillar, and a sloping cross, upon which the hours are indicated, rests on the table. I am indebted to the kindness of the vicar (the Rev. P. Powley) for the mottoes, which are in Latin :

- (1) "Solis addit lux."
- (2) "Hic docet um'ra crux."
- (3) "Datur hora."
- (4) "Umbra addit n'x."
- (5) "Hinc abit umbræ vox."
- (6) "Abit hora."
- (7) "Absit mora."
- (8) "R. W. E.," the initials of the Rev. R. W. Essington (the ex-vicar), who placed the sundial in its present position.

The above-named cruciform dial is, as you will observe, sloping towards the vertical in its position, but it is sometimes



DIAL AT MILLRIGG.

employed horizontally, as, for example, at Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. There it is placed on the schoolhouse, and its motto is a good one, inscribed in Latin, but here translated for the benefit of general readers. It runs thus :

"The way of the Cross is the way of li,ht."

Another example is to be found on an old-fashioned dial in a Sussex garden, bearing a four-fold inscription on its plate, each severally designed for one of the four seasons, beginning with spring, viz. :

"After darkness, Light.  
Alas ! how swift,  
I warn whilst I move ;  
So passes Life."

An upright four-sided stone may often be seen in country graveyards and market-places, on the top of which is a dial of later date apparently than the pillar supporting it. The latter is, in fact, only the broken stump of a cross, the top, with the arms, having been destroyed by order of Queen Elizabeth in her zeal to do away with religious emblems of that character ; but I imagine that the demolition of crosses was due, for the most part, to the Puritan soldiers,

The dial known as "Sir Francis Howard's dial" is to be seen on the lawn at Corby Castle, near Carlisle, his seat, and dated 1657. Sir Francis was a grandson of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and married, secondly, a daughter of Sir Henry Widdrington of Widdrington Castle, Northumberland. The dial has four sides, bearing a shield on each. The emblems of the Passion, the cock, and many other objects connected with our Lord's trial and crucifixion, appear on one of the four shields ; the arms, impaled, of Howard, and Widdrington, on another ; on a third the family initials ; and on the fourth the motto. What a world of intense feeling underlies the exclamation, three times repeated, and which no addition of more explanatory words could possibly intensify. The imagination of a reflective mind is left to supply these, and to realise the whole of what is implied, though unspoken :

"Deathe, Judgment, Heaven, Hell—upon this moment depens Eternitie. O Eternitie ! O Eternitie ! O Eternitie ! 1658."

A tumulus in the churchyard of Trelleck, Monmouthshire, which in ancient times was surrounded by a moat, was surmounted by the keep of a castle belonging to the Earls of Clare. It stands in the village, and in the churchyard there is a sundial, erected in 1689, upon three sides of which the three distinctive wonders of the locality are depicted. First, the before-named tumulus, thought to be Roman, with inscriptions as to the great number of persons buried there ; the second wonder consisting of three stone pillars, of 8ft., 10ft., and 14ft. in height respectively, recording the victory of Harold on that spot ; and, lastly, bearing a representation of a well and two cups. Whether the three pillars were erected by the victorious Harold, or were of still more ancient date, and due to the Druids, is a matter of question. S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

## ARE FISH COLOUR BLIND?

WHY there should ever be any question of an inability on the part of fishes to distinguish, though doubtless in a degree different from our own, one colour from another, it would be difficult to understand, did not such scepticism with regard to their powers afford matter for endless argument between fly-fishers and others with a fancy for promiscuous debate. Personally, I should as soon think of denying to the bull an appreciation of a red rag. That the medium in which fishes pass their lives, the density of the water, its own varying colour, and the general paucity of light, must greatly modify the contrasts of colour, goes perhaps without saying ; on the other hand, we know next to nothing of the peculiar adaptation of the eye in fishes that may still enable them to discriminate shades of red or green under conditions that would baffle our own eyesight. The very fact of one artificial fly killing better than another should almost set at rest the question of colour appreciation in fishes ; but a Russian professor, named Zolotnisky, has recently communicated to the Imperial Acclimatisation Society of Moscow some interesting results of experiments conducted with a view to ascertaining the precise sensibility of certain familiar fishes to colour changes, and some of his observations seem to me likely to interest readers of COUNTRY LIFE.

Professor Zolotnisky had his attention drawn to the subject in the first instance by watching a couple of crabs giving chase to a telescope carp, the pectoral fins of which were streaked with deep red. The other fish of the same species, the fins of which showed no red, were left in peace, but this particular victim was pursued incessantly for an hour or more, until it at length took refuge in a clump of water plants. The idea then occurred to the Professor that the crabs had mistaken the red streaks in the fins of the carp for the red worms and larvæ of the plume midge, on which fishes in the Moscow aquarium are in great part fed. He then experimented with fragments of red, green, and white wool, which he pasted on the glass of the fish tanks, at first in regular order, then promiscuously, after the "dodging" fashion dear to pedagogues bent on stumping prodigies in mental arithmetic and dates. In every case, the red wool attracted the fishes, particularly the tench, where white or green wool left them unmoved. After having satisfied himself, in a long series of experiments, that such was the case, the Professor, bent on a thorough demonstration of this colour sense, gradually accustomed his fishes to feed on bread-crumbs instead of worms, and when the change in their appetite had been accomplished, he resumed his experiments on the tank glass with morsels of paper, with the result in this case that white paper (resembling the bread) attracted and red or green did not. He further tells us in this memoir that Russian anglers bait frequently with conferva (which they call "Chelownik"), and they find that the carp invariably choose the young green

fronds in preference to the older plants of darker hue. They even successfully use light green algæ when they cannot get grasshoppers, the similarity of green tint being sufficient to deceive the fish.

Let me add that if the Professor had been with me recently after the Cornish pollack, I could have shown him that

the fish on some grounds will look only at the red rubber eel, while those of others take only the white; and there is little doubt but that if anglers were to compare notes they would be able to establish a hundred proofs of the colour sense in fishes, though the actual degree of their sensibility could only be approximately surmised.

## A TAME MEER-KAT.

**W**ARS and military expeditions always send a number of foreign animals either to the Zoo or to English country homes. After the Suakim Campaign a number of Arab ponies and donkeys were brought to London, and a Hadendowa camel found its way to Regent's Park. In the present war the Guards sent home a monkey which they picked up during the afternoon following the bad morning's work at Magersfontein. The C.I.V.'s brought back another, and took it to the service in St. Paul's Cathedral, and quite a number of the pretty little African meer-kats have been brought over as pets. That here shown was not a trophy of anyone's sword or spear, but was deposited in the Zoo in 1899 by Mr. Matcham, of Port Elizabeth. Mr. Matcham was one of the most generous benefactors of the Royal Zoological Society in recent years. His gifts numbered hundreds, from large antelopes and leopards to South African mice and reptiles, and his much-deplored death is referred to in a special notice in this year's report of the Society. Mr. Matcham gave the meer-kat to her present owner, Mrs. C. J. Murray, and she went to her new home at Taymount, in Scotland, in the August of the same year. Though the Dutch call the creature a meer-kat, it is really not a cat at all, but what is known to science as a "suricate." The suricates are small insect-feeding animals allied to the ichneumons; they kill small birds and eat their eggs when they get the chance, which is not often. They are pretty and familiar figures on the veldt, where they burrow in small colonies, rather like the American prairie dogs, and sit bolt upright, with their tails stuck up behind them, surveying the scenery. In the old days they were probably the smallest of the numberless animals seen at one time on the veldt, where the sizes in animal life, all visible at once, ranged from that of the white rhinoceros to that of these little suricates. That shown here is called Janet; she lives on good terms with the dogs as well as the cats, which latter are her very good friends and allow her to sleep beside them. The old cat brings in small birds for her, as if she were a mother. When the cat makes the usual mew of invitation Janet rises up and takes the sparrow from her mouth, and eats it up, feathers and all, in a very few minutes. If she is not hungry she only eats the head. When ill with rheumatism three months ago the head of a bird was the only thing she



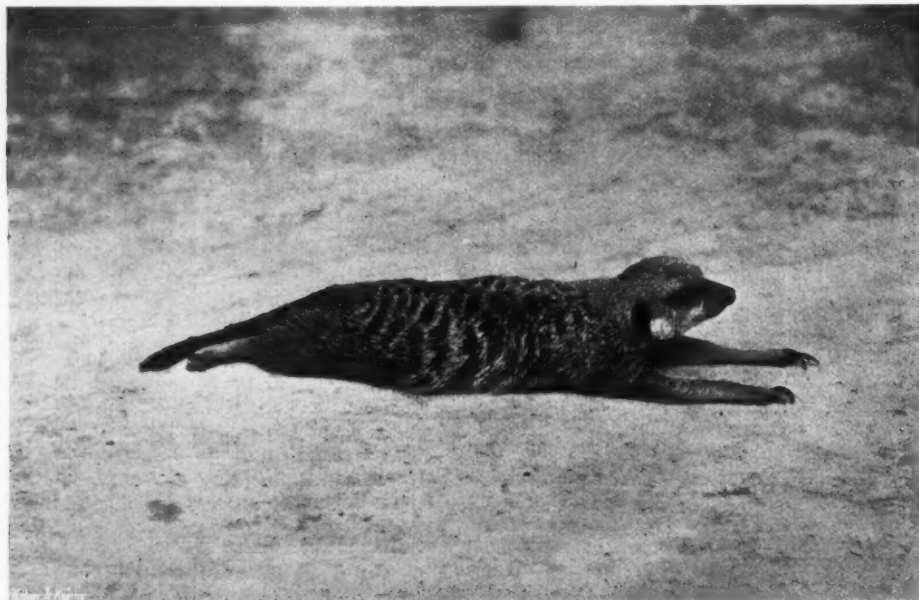
T. Fall,

ON SENTRY GO.

Baker Street

she is very particular about her box. If it is moved from the usual place she will not think of going to sleep, but bark for an hour or more until it is put back. If she wants to have a door opened when people are on the other side, she lifts up the mat and drops it again, when the noise usually lets the inmates know that she is there. She went to London last year for the season. She used to be taken out for walks on a lead, but when at home she goes for a walk of a mile or more, following like a dog, or running on in front.

Twenty years ago one of the best-known pets ever introduced to the public was a meer-kat. It belonged to Frank Buckland, but as he called it by its scientific name, suricate, it might not be readily identified with the wee little animal shown in these pages. Buckland said of it, "Jimmy is a pretty little beast, somewhat like a small mongoose or very large rat. His head is like the head of a hedgehog, his colour is light brown, with a darker stripe down the sides. He is an African animal and lives in burrows on the plains, whence he is sometimes called the prairie dog, or meer-catze." In this last sentence Buckland seems to have made a mistake, for "meer-catze" means sea-cat, and is a name given by the Dutch to several small South African beasts. But of the meer-kat's habits, Buckland was a most sympathetic and close observer. "He was full of curiosity and nimbleness, running continually from one room to the other. He very seldom walked. His pace, on the contrary, was a short gallop, or canter. When on the move he always gave tongue, like a hound on scent. When handled or petted,



T. Fall,

TAKING HIS EASE.

Baker Street.

would eat; otherwise she is omnivorous. She has a very good memory, and a very attractive way of showing her affection, by rubbing her nose violently on her friend's hand. She is addicted to getting on to the table at meal-times, and also if no one is in the room, and helping herself to a little of everything. She is only shut up at night, when she is put into a comfortable box, retiring to bed every night about seven. Like the prairie dogs

he would utter a sharp bark, not unlike that of a dog, and if he was in a good humour, I could by imitating him make him bark alternately with myself." One of the most amusing scenes in which the meer-kat took part was after a "crab and marmoset fight," in which Jimmy finished off the crab. It was only a little king crab the size of a five-shilling piece, but it had nipped the fingers of a marmoset, which thought it



was an edible insect, and also pricked the nose of the meer-kat. "A grand crab and Jimmy fight then took place, ending in the discomfiture of the crab. Although it was apparent that the taste of the crab was not agreeable to Jimmy's palate, yet he gradually ate it up, claws, shell and all, simply in order that the other animal might not get a single bit." The meer-kat evidently is used to getting nearly all its food by scratching it out of the ground. Buckland's pet always scratched at every crack and hole in the boards of the floor, and always pretended to kill its food before it ate it. C. J. C.

## LETTERS FROM . . . LOW LATITUDES.—I.

IT will not be amiss to explain, not who I am, which matters little except to me, but what I am. It is now the 7th of June, 1901, and since the middle of March last I have been following the Duke of Cornwall and York over oceans and through a continent in his course of the most magnificent tour which it was ever the destiny of prince or commoner to undertake. Of functions, of imposing ceremonies, of courtly celebrations, of military pageants, this is not the place to speak. I saw them all, and they are recorded elsewhere. But, fortunately, life was not all composed of courtly business, and there were episodes, to be remembered for ever, of private excursions in which one saw something of the spacious country and a little less of the congested towns; and it is of one of them that for the moment I desire to write.

On a certain Sunday evening three special correspondents, who shall be nameless, foregathered at the railway station at Sydney, where a special Pullman car had been placed at their disposal by the Government. With them was Mr. Arthur Macarthur, descendant of one of the leading men in the foundation of the colony, now the State, of New South Wales, himself a first-rate rider, shot, and athlete, who had made it his duty and pleasure to minister to their every want while they were in Sydney. With them also was Mr. George King, acting manager of the Peel River Estate, although his venerable father, a descendant of the Governor King, who came over as a lieutenant in the Sirius when the colony was founded, is in chief command. Present, too, were the two Misses King, comely and well-grown Australian girls, and all were intent upon giving us the very best time that Australian hospitality could afford to those who were soon to be sojourners within their gates. And I, even I, was among the correspondents, who now protest that never in my life have I enjoyed pleasures so varied and abundant.

We travelled, as Mr. Pepys would say, in mighty ease and comfort, sleeping passing well, and in the morning we were roused at Duri, some 250 miles up country in a refreshing hoar frost. Outside the roadside station (if roadside station be the correct phrase when there is no road to speak of) were waiting a four-horse drag, driven by Mr. Euston King, of whom more anon, a pair-horse buggy, and a saddle horse for Mr. King, and after a glass of milk, chilled by the frost, but mollified by mountain dew, off we went; and as we drove along through the bush, shaving the trunks of trees, making little detours round fallen logs, descending precipitous gullies which no coachman in England would face, Mr. Euston King talked as coolly and unconcernedly as if he had been tooling a perfectly broken team along the best high road in England, with never a vehicle in sight. What a contrast was this rough and workmanlike team, with its cool and skilful driver, whose hands were harder than any glove he could have worn, to the last four-in-hand drive I had taken in England. Harken ye coachmen at home and believe if ye can! Thirty miles did we drive that day over breakneck country with the same team; thirty miles did we drive next day with the same team over perhaps more breakneck country; we crossed gullies and ravines that even the boundary riders declared to be impassable; we drove over the three lowest wires of a wire fence, having broken those which were above, and yet never once did Mr. King pull up to shift a buckle or a chain, never once did he use more than a footbreak, never once did he make the sign of a mistake.

Our immediate destination was Goonoo Goonoo, the homestead which was the centre of the station, and on the way Mr. King mentioned some of the salient facts in connection with it. They were stupendous, astonishing. Three hundred and thirteen thousand acres go to make this estate; 200,000 sheep and lambs, merinos all, are shorn there every year; 10,000 horned cattle and 500 horses are the normal head of stock. "All the sheep on the mountains are thine, and so are the cattle on a thousand hills." For the sheep, since I know nothing of merinos, I can express no opinion, but those who do know have a persistent habit of giving prizes to them, and if they are half as good as the really aristocratic Durhams—they stick to the old word for shorthorns in Australia—they must be of no common merit. The horses, too,

are of rare quality and excellence. Crops, also, are grown on a considerable scale, and the wilderness of gum trees is yielding fast to civilisation, but the intermediate period is far from lovely. The bush, as I suppose all men know, consists entirely of various species of gum trees, and to clear it by felling outright is quite out of the question. The trees, therefore, are ring-barked with a tomahawk at some three feet above the ground, and, when they die, their gaunt skeletons are left standing until such time as there may be an opportunity of clearing them by fire. Then the smiling fields follow, but in the meanwhile the grass soon grows in the open spaces, and the sheep, the cattle, the horses, and the kangaroos (the latter few in number) graze between the skeleton trunks and bare branches, which, especially in the dusk of the evening, remind one of nothing so much as of a Doré picture. (For the moment I am away from the books of reference, on the high seas, but I think the particular pictures of which I am thinking were illustrations of the "Idylls of the King.")

The foregoing paragraph is practically the result of conversation on the box seat of the drag as we drove along, at a spanking pace, to Goonoo Goonoo. The arrival there I shall never forget. The central feature was a substantial stone house, covering a great deal of ground, and with a great expanse of roof, invaluable for collecting water, having one side to the station yard and another to a trim garden, with an orchard beyond; and in the garden the late tea roses and the chrysanthemums were struggling with the hoar frost. In the yard, still comfortable and cosy, were the old bark huts in which Mr. King and his brother had begun their lives. It was a home-coming indeed. The Misses King had been to Sydney for the gaieties of the Royal visit; their joyful mother, their little sister, their nieces, and their guests flocked out to welcome them and us. Then came breakfast, simple and abundant, for simplicity and abundance and good-will are the mottoes of the Australian bush, and then it was a case of saddle horses, for those who wanted them, of the drag for others, and a preliminary tour of inspection begun.

First we went to the "classing" yard, where Mr. George King the younger, with padded legs and feet shielded by Cyclopean sabots against the sharp hooves of the sheep, was engaged in sorting out the sheep. Of this and of certain other incidents connected with this two days' visit, I had hoped to have photographs, but since the camera struck work early in the afternoon, and my artist friend is not quite certain how its inside may have been working before, did not attempt it.

Now let me explain the position. At the north so to speak, were a mob of some hundreds of unclassed sheep. At a point sat Mr. King, to whom servants handed sheep after sheep for examination. Each sheep was held by a man while Mr. King cast his eye over it as a whole, and examined the depth and texture of the wool. The same man manipulated a swing gate, and another man held a bucket of tar and a stamp, which consisted of a bottle with a piece of rag tied to the base. If Mr. King said "up"—at least it sounded like "up"—the first man swung the gate into position, and the sheep skipped out into the yard marked "sheep kept for stock," that meant that the sheep would continue to live at Goonoo Goonoo till he was five years old, then he would go the way of all sheep. If Mr. King said "brand," down came the stamp on the sheep's forehead, and the man swung the gate the other way, and that sheep was destined for sale. It was not exactly dividing the sheep from the goats, but it was very like it in principle. Mr. King's speed in judgment was wonderful, and in time I began to be able to foretell pretty rapidly what his judgment would be.

Then on to the sheds in which were kept the stud rams, Commonwealth, and Duke and Duchess of York, and another whose name I have forgotten, some noted prize-winners among them, and wonderful it was to see how deep, and how purely white under the dark yolk (I am afraid I don't know how to spell this word) was the unfathomable fleece; the forefinger of a number eight hand could not reach the flesh. Then on to a mob of cattle, and a better lot I never saw, even on a nobleman's home farm at home; and my friends tried some cutting out (*i.e.*, riding out selected animals from the herd), much to the amusement of old Jack Ellison, a typical Australian herdman who, having served his time as boundary rider, now does all sorts of odd jobs about the homestead and is a picturesque and pleasing figure. So, after inspecting the cellars of home-made wine—some of it very good and all pure juice of the grape—to luncheon on the lawn, a merry feast, ending in Passion-fruit, which is passing good, and in the drinking of my favourite toast of "Queen Alexandra." *Nota bene* that the Passion-fruit is best if to the contents of two pods be added half a teaspoonful of powdered sugar and one teaspoonful of port, sherry, champagne, or Marsala, which are the only wines which I have tried in the combination. In passing, this Passion-fruit is the glory of Australia, and it is a thousand pities that it will not travel.

Then again on-saddle, and harness the teams, and a drive

of some six miles to the wallaby ground, a precipitous ravine on the side of a mountain; and excellent fun it was, albeit very hard work also, and some of the shooting reminded me of the Welsh gamekeeper of my youth, who wrote in the game book one day, "Shoot very good, kill very bad." But, after all, I killed my first wallaby, which is something, and I saw wallaroos out of shot, and every fibre of my body was alive with enjoyment and health. Last of all came the drive back through the bush in the gathering dusk, full of excitement, and dinner and music. And the morning and the evening were the first day, and that of the very best. One thing more let me record with honest pride. On the way to the wallaby ground we encountered a gully which the boundary rider, acting as outrider, declared to be absolutely impracticable. But away to the right my eye caught a slope that perhaps might serve, and Mr. Euston King said he would try it if I stuck to the box. I did, and the track is now known as the COUNTRY LIFE track, as I am here to tell. And even as I tell I remember that I have omitted two "Things Seen"; they were the branding of the calves, interesting but not pretty, and the wool-sheds, in which, with the aid of machinery, one expert hand can shear as many as 190 sheep in a day.

### ON THE GREEN.

MANY good men have been golf champions in years that have preceded this year, but never has there been a more modest or a more popular champion than Braid. No doubt it was in recognition of the fact that he is good fellow as well as good golfer that the presentation of a gold watch and chain has just been made to him at Romford to do honour to his win of the championship. The presentation was made on behalf of the subscribing members by the wife

of the honorary secretary of the club, where Braid is resident and is liked by everyone.

At the moment of writing the outlook is clouded by an obscurity of the nature that at St. Andrews we call an "easterly haar." Further south and more inland it is known as a "blight"; and in the neighbourhood of the metropolis we regard it as a slightly mitigated form of London fog. In all cases it comes up with an east wind, commonly after a hot sun. Normally, the hot sun sends us out at St. Andrews very lightly clad, as far as the High Hole. There, turning, we perceive a bank of fog out in the Forth, which means that the haar is being cooked up there, by the combined agencies of the hot sun and cool sea, for our benefit, and all the way home while we are facing the wind it is borne thicker and thicker and moister and moister upon us, until we arrive at the club in a state of drenched garments, chilled marrow, and horrid temper, in which we curse, by all the devils we can think of, this easterly haar. It is not a moment for temperate reflection, but if it were we might modify our curses not a little by the consideration that this cool wetting which threatens destruction to us must be most grateful and comforting to the parched and sorely tried links. Often, for weeks together, no rain will fall in that east corner of Fife, and still the grass surprises us with its verdant green. We may be very sure that not a little of it is due to the badly abused easterly haar, which is only apt to come on in the dry east-windy weather, when the parched links need it most.

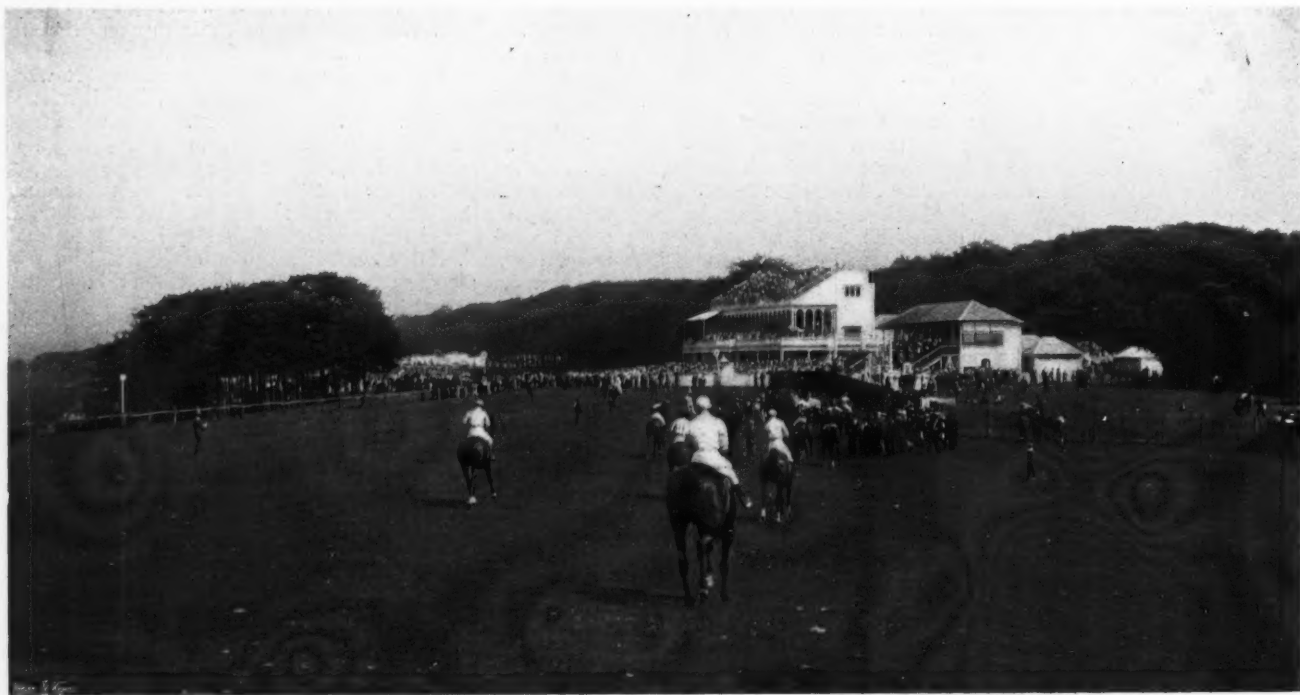
From St. Andrews to Somerset is a farther cry than to Loch Awe. No matter! It is in Minehead, in Somersetshire, that Goldsmith, the resident professional, has suffered a severe reverse in the first half of a home and home match with Foord, the professional to the Burnham Club. The latter played very fine golf, and gained an advantage on the home green of his adversary of seven holes on the thirty-six, which makes his chance of winning the long match look good. But he has a wonderful advantage on the green at which he is resident. To play golf well at Burnham you needs must be a good player, and this is a truism that does not hold equally good everywhere. Burnham has sand bunkers of a nature that admits no compromise. If a man can play golf well there he can play well anywhere, but there are many places where a man may play golf well and yet make a poor show when he comes to Burnham. Foord has learned in a good school, because a hard one, and he seems to have learned his lesson well.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### GOODWOOD THE BEAUTIFUL.

AS I wandered about the Grove late on the day of the Stewards' Cup, I could not help thinking that the minds and hearts of Mr. John Hawke and the Bishop of Hereford would have been materially softened towards the national sport if, contrary to their habit, they had come racing in the hope of seeing for themselves how races are really conducted and if they had chosen Goodwood as their meeting. The brisk salt breeze which came up from the Solent, the sense of openness and freedom which the Ducal park always engenders, the picturesque combination of civilisation at its best and Nature at her kindest, all these things provided such an ideal setting for the meeting, that I could not find it in my heart to believe that anybody, even the most prejudiced Puritan that ever wore his hair short, could have railed and gibed in hysterical protest at what he saw. With a special distinction which is all its own, with the prominent advantage that the course is always in perfect order, with the additional convenience that the outer fringe of the racing world

do not patronise the meeting, Goodwood stands alone and quite by itself. The business of racing becomes softened and toned down when we are near the Birdless Grove, the very knowledge that the Ducal park lies in immediate contiguity to the ring penetrates the mind of the lusty-lunged bookmaker; the professional backer—monomaniac though he may be—finds his mind wandering from the matter in hand, and all sorts and conditions of men unite to enjoy themselves without insisting too persistently upon the differences dividing the various sections which make up a more or less harmonious whole. Pleasant Goodwood always is, and, in the nature of things, always must be, but I think that the meeting of 1901 can compare favourably with any of its predecessors. It is true that the absence of Royalty engendered in the minds of many a sense of incompleteness; but then the bulk are comparatively democratic, and are quite capable of enjoying themselves unassisted, and since that broad-minded friend of man, the mysterious being or force who controls the weather, was on our side, we felt no



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VIEW FROM TRUNDLE HILL.

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desire to follow the example of Alice and play at being kings and queens, and were quite content to live our little day without patronage. As far as I could gather, though I lack the keen proboscis of the Society reporter, nearly everybody came to Goodwood whose presence might have been expected under the circumstances, and if a few familiar figures were missing, the gaps were not big enough to depress the spirits of anybody; and, if anything, the spectators paid more attention to the racing and less to each other than usual, which was well. And now,



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FORTUNATUS IN THE PADDOCK.

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having delivered myself of some of the exuberant satisfaction with which the meeting provided me, let us leave Society to lunch under the trees, let us forget the humbler people who lie flat on their backs on the rich green turf, let us come away from the al fresco picnic parties, and the extortionate cab-driver, and get to the racing itself. Here again we find nothing but excellence, and excellence of the highest quality, brought out under the best possible conditions. Let us begin at the most obvious place, and take the Stewards' Cup. Never was such a race; never, as far as I can remember, speaking without the book, has the winner of the Stewards' Cup started at such a price as 66 to 1, and certainly it is a record for a stable to start two horses in a field of nearly thirty and to finish first with one and last with the other. It was a great race, cram full of incident from start to finish, which is more than can be said of most races of the same distance. In the early part several of the non-staying brigade showed up prominently, and a very little distance was sufficient to secure their obliteration; but during the last quarter of a mile there was, indeed, a race to the death, not between one or two horses or even three, but among six or eight, any of whom, until the last hundred yards was reached, might easily have won; and between O'Donovan Rossa, Stealaway, Le Blizon, Forfarshire, Kingfield, and Master Willie the difference was infinitesimal at this point, and even when the race was over, nobody, with the exception of the judge himself and perhaps two or three people in the Press box, knew what had won, and during the minute portion of time between the second when the horses passed the post and the second when the numbers went up, the names of the first three were each and all loudly acclaimed as the winner. The result, the actual result, is of course to be reckoned among the number of Turf surprises; but when in the quiet seclusion of the smoking-room people began to

look up the two year old form of the winner, their surprise gave way to irritation against themselves for not remembering more about him. And O'Donovan Rossa provides just one more instance of a low-priced horse beating more valuable animals, and confounding his original owner's judgment, for Mr. Singer bought him from Mr. Arthur James for 710 guineas last October. And even if, as I believe is the case, his winnings over this race do not amount to very much, Mr. Singer would have little difficulty in obtaining four or five times that price to-day. The disappointments of the race were The Raft and Stealaway, and the best work, unless the weights are taken into consideration, was undoubtedly done by Forfarshire, who, although at present the victim of "earnest expectations," will, nevertheless, do something before long to gladden the heart of his owner, for when a horse is a consistent performer in the best company his time is sure to come.

Only second in interest to the Stewards' Cup itself was the race for the Richmond Stakes, which is one of those races to which we look for guidance in the matter of next year's Derby winner, and which was rendered exciting by the fact that Duke of Westminster and Game Chick met therein. That the first-named would win was a foregone conclusion; but it was no triumphal procession for the great horse, and in the end he had only his head in front. Round this race much controversy was engendered. Some said that on this running Game Chick must be within either 4lb. or 5lb. of the winner; others, gently closing one eye in an omniscient and self-satisfied manner, thought that the head might have been a length, or even ten lengths, if D. Maher had so wished, and, from what I saw of it, I think that the second opinion is probably right. "Duke of Westminster," says the official report, "made all the running,



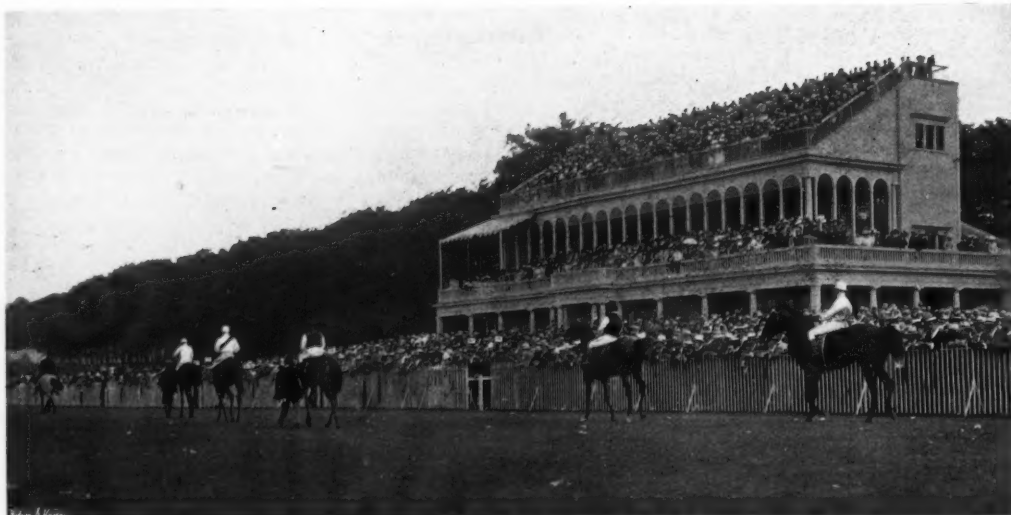
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ON THE LAWN.

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and won a good race by a neck." Quite so, and his jockey is probably, as I have said before, one of the best judges of pace in the world, and his owner is not averse to increasing his banking account at the expense of the ring when opportunity offers, all of which leads one to the conclusion that the jockey's orders were to cut it as fine as possible, and that he carried them out to the letter, as a clever jockey should. And yet we are told that Duke of Westminster is the worst of Mr. Sievier's three champions. Was there ever such a stable in the history of racing

that carried three Derby winners in its pocket at one and the same time? From the Stewards' Cup to the Goodwood Cup is not a far cry, and here, once more, we meet with the ubiquitous and inevitable Maher, who covers himself again with glory, as indeed he has been doing for the last month without intermission. His riding of Fortunatus was as brilliant, as patient, as skilful, and as successful as the way in which he won on Mount Prospect the week before. In many respects the two situations were identical, and the treatment which he used was likewise very similar. Fortunatus was, to all intents and appearances, a beaten horse half a mile from home, so was Mount Prospect. Fortunatus fell to pieces under the whip, so did the winner of the Liverpool Cup; and when he realised this fact, in both cases Maher rode with his hands in a manner worthy of M. Cannon at his



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## PARADE FOR THE CUP.

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supercilious superiority, and covered with the pride of the inventor.

The destruction is to be conducted on an extensive scale and with commendable rapidity, for the building materials are to be sold on August 14th, so that probably the disintegration will be absolutely finished by that date. When the house-breaker has wreaked his wicked will, there will be nothing left standing—at least, nothing of any importance. The Royal stands are doomed, and with them the stands of the Jockey Club; the Master of the Buckhounds (who has, of course, vanished away) will have no habitation; the Press boxes, the stands for the trainers and jockeys, the weighing-room and the jockeys' dressing-rooms, and Messrs. Weatherby's offices are to be swept away, and not even the stables for the Royal carriages and horses are to escape. To all of which we say, bravo! but let us hope that when the new buildings are in all their glory, when august personages, foreign potentates, ambassadors, and such-like witness the splendid meeting of the Coronation year, the poor horses who, according to their ability, provide the sport may have something better to gallop over than asbestos or concrete, something which bears some resemblance, however slight, to real turf, which at any rate is not guaranteed to lame 20 per cent. of the unfortunate animals whose painful duty and privilege it is to "perform" on it.



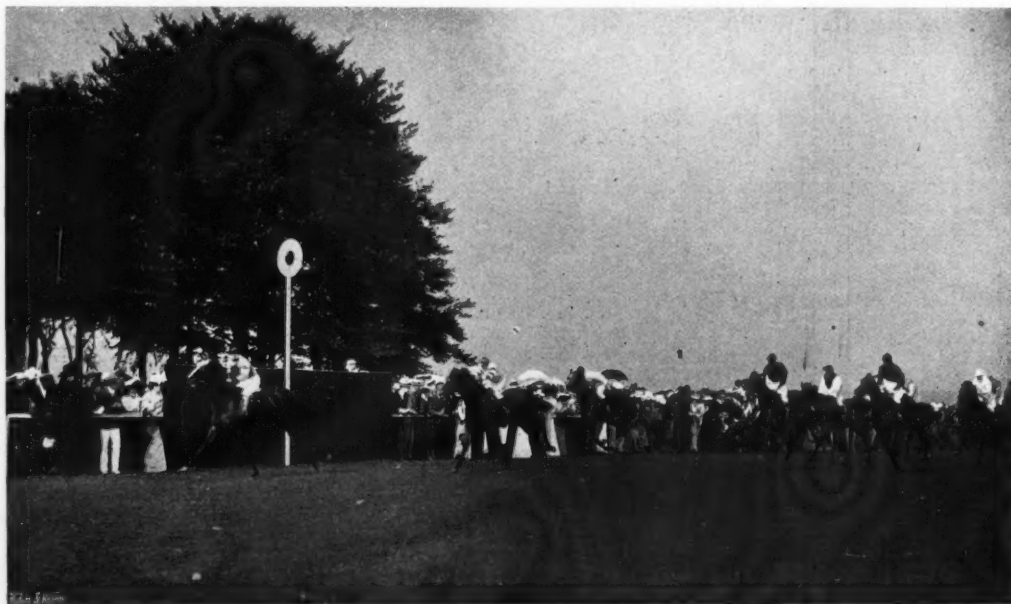
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## FORTUNATUS RETURNING TO SCALE.

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very best; and in full contradiction to many partisans of the American system, I maintain that it would be impossible to bestow higher praise than this. It is not advisable to say too much about the Drayton Handicap, in view of the fact that an enquiry into the running of Little Eva has been ordered, and with a word of congratulation to Sir Blundell Maple over Royal Lancer's victory, we can safely leave Goodwood to others more analytical, to whom, and for whom, minor events have more interest and more significance.

At last and at length—and many years too late at that—the destruction and the reconstruction of Ascot have become accomplished facts; that is to say, that the sacrilegious hand of the "house-breaker" has been laid upon the buildings, the welcome spade of the digger has been stuck into the apology for turf which formerly existed, and the architect for the new buildings, or his representative, may already be seen hovering around, hedged about in all the exclusive majesty of



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## LITTLE EVA WINS THE DRAYTON HANDICAP.

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## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

August 1st.

### THE FLYING OF THE ANTS.

THE annual flight of the ants took place with us on Tuesday. For a day or two beforehand you could see that unusual tumult and excitement reigned inside the ants' nest, and at each of the doors the winged males kept poking out their heads, like eager actors peeping from behind the curtain upon the scene of their coming triumph. Sometimes they even ventured outside, with the licence which is permitted to rustic performers, and displayed their gauzy wings, to the admiration of a work-a-day world. But every fraction of an inch of their progress outside was attended by fussy working-ants, who, without actually molesting the ambitious débutants, seemed to be reminding them at every turn that the time for the performance had not arrived. From these preliminary proceedings one always gets the impression that part of the company, especially among the males, have "dressed" earlier than the rest, and that they are kept waiting by the principal ladies, whose toilettes are incomplete. Every now and then, however, one of these shows herself at the door, and there is an irresistible suggestion of feminine care and pride in the sweep with which she draws her large gossamer wings behind her through the narrow, dusty exit. Like some dainty coryphée issuing from the stage-door of a theatre, her appearance never fails to excite "sensations," and the workers loafing outside hurry up. But, with the air of an actress whose brougham has not arrived, her daintiness turns on her six heels, and goes rustling into the narrow door again, whence immediately afterwards two or three heads of the males—very small and mean these males look by contrast—are poked out, while the agitated workers still bustle about, "moving on" everybody who shows a disposition to loiter.

### BREAKING-UP DAY.

And inside the nest, what turmoil and excitement prevail! It is like breaking-up day at a large school, when everybody is humming and whistling about the passages, and tumbling over everybody else's boxes, when no work is done or discipline maintained, when the different forms are all mixed up, and even the masters struggle as mere items in the throng. But there is more than the joy of parting from thumbed books and shiny benches in the hum of suppressed excitement which makes the very air of the ants' nest vibrate. The great crisis in the lives of the community has come. The crown of the labour of the year has been reached; of the digging, building, plastering; the tender care of the little swelling eggs; the ceaseless attention to the needs of the tiny maggots that issued thence—helpless, soft, baby things, that could not move, and could hardly even raise their mouths for the sugary pap that busy nurses, running up and down, poured into them; the steady growth of the maggots till they reached a pitch of obesity when Nature told them that their skins could swell no more as they wove, each round himself or herself or itself—for ants are grammatically accurate in three genders—roleypoley pudding-bags proportioned to their bulk. These we call "ants' eggs" when we break open an anthill to get food for pheasants or fish or singing birds. According to the size of the egg you can tell whether it is the pupa-case of female, male, or worker; and from the intense fury of excitement with which the thronging ants in the broken citadel drag the largest eggs down out of sight through makeshift galleries into improvised store-rooms among the débris, you can see what value they attach to them. For with the ants, as with all creatures, on the survival of the female rests the main hope of the race.

### A FEAST FOR ALL.

So when the fateful day has come and the females and males have been helped out of their pupa-cases, have dried their gauzy wings and are rustling in crowds in all the nurseries, and blocking the passages hitherto traversed only by busy workers, these can hardly control themselves. How long this state of tension lasts depends, I think, upon the weather; but soon the morning arrives—generally in August or September, but this year in July—when the dead air and heat-laden mist of the forenoon proclaim a day when the myriads of breeding ants may trust themselves on filmy wings to the upper air. Like the steam of a boiling kettle they spread from each outlet, and drift shimmering up the sky. And the word passes among the birds and beasts and insects that the ants are flying. Here you may see the field-mouse darting in and out of the herbage rear that little hole in the ground, whence the live stream issues; for the fat-winged ants are luscious, and this banquet comes only once a year. All the sparrows become clumsy fly-catchers for the nonce, and every tree shoots out starlings, as a Roman candle scatters fireballs, that rise steadily to a modest height and then fall back. Each rise of every bird means at least one plump female ant the less in the world. But there are myriads for all, and to spare. Everywhere the air is crossed and recrossed by the fading lines of swallows' and martins' flight; and wide-gaped these fly till, with mouths that will hold no more, they swerve aside to the mud-nests under the eaves and stuff full the greasy little funnel-throats that are always open for their return. On a higher plane the wheeling swifts stamp their broad-arrows upon the hazy sky, and higher still, on level wings, the gulls that have drifted at the tidings, from the offing, sail over the land and take a sweet morsel at each easy swerve. Here and there a black rook flaps clumsily up to the height where the ants float thickest and gobbles what he can; but his is not the easy aim of the unerring gull. And as you watch the birds, though it is early in the afternoon, you may see fluttering black

spots circling swiftly and unceasingly when the noctule bats have been tempted out early into a daylight thick with food.

### GOOD-BYE TO FINERY.

Soon, from the perils of the air, where they have tired their filmy, shimmering wings, the remnant multitude of the ant-myriads sink after their brief hours of love and liberty back to the perils of the earth, where the very spiders' webs are clogged with helpless hundreds of their kind. And then one of the most marvellous of acquired instincts comes into play, for the females, running on the ground, begin, with jaws and feet, to tear off their sheenv wings, and any workers who are near rush up and gladly help them. Delighted, too, are the workers to escort their returned sister, now wingless like them-selves, to her home again, for the prosperity of an ant community depends upon its strength in numbers, and each wedded female represents a large increase in the next generation. So while the males are allowed to die as chance may fall, and litter the ground as food for mouse, earwig, and roving beetle, the females are diligently hunted for; and even late at night you may find the unwearied ants conducting search parties for them in every direction.

### QUEEN AND DRUDGE.

But the full beauty of the act of voluntary self-sacrifice in the female who strips herself of her gauzy finery, after so brief a taste of the pleasures and perils of the wicked world, is only seen when she has chanced to alight in some lonely place where no workers find her. None the less does she tear off her wings, with the zeal of a novice who, vowed to enter a convent, strips off the laces and jewels of worldly gaiety. For the ant has her high mission, too. Remote, unfriended, and alone, with none of the willing drudges who have nursed her all her life so far and would gladly save for her to the end, the female ant sets heroically to work digging a home for her future family and herself rearing them. So, at least, observers relate, though I have never found an ant colony in this stage, nor seen the solitary female collecting food, as she must in that case, for her young brood. Of course it would be for the advantage of the race in some circumstances that its colonies should thus be planted far and wide by the winged females; but it would not be contrary to Nature's methods, often so



W. A. Rouch. GOODWOOD: A PRETTY CORNER OF THE PADDOCK. Copyright

wasteful of life, that every female who is not recovered by workers should be left to wander about till something found and ate her. This is the fate of, perhaps, 99 per cent. of created things. E. K. R.

## LITERARY NOTES.

AS a rule, the statement that a new novel has had an astounding sale forms an excellent reason why a reader of fastidious taste should carefully avoid it. Judged by the mere number of copies sold, the successes of the past few years are greater than those of any previous period. Yet never was a time when the additions to literature have been fewer. And that conclusion may be reached by a very simple test. The difference between enduring and ephemeral books is that the latter will stand no more than one reading, while the former may be taken down from the bookcase again and again. Now booksellers assume that the average life of these "brilliant works of genius," discovered at the rate of about six a week by the reviewers in the daily Press, is about five years. I have, many a time, been surprised to find a novel, while the ink is still wet that advertises it as "the book of the season," exposed in heaps at the bookstalls ticketed at less than half of the published price. Therefore it is something more than a merely personal opinion that in a great many cases sudden popularity really means badness.

Nevertheless, it is interesting to endeavour to penetrate the cause of a vast horde of people liking a book, even when we know it is but a passing favour and that the great mass of readers neither have themselves discernment nor are led by discerning critics. For, again, it is no mere opinion, but a matter of fact, that criticism just now is at its lowest ebb in England. Since the death of Matthew Arnold the office of chief critic has been vacant, and the lesser lights naturally fail for want of guidance. Not only do they praise bad writers, but as proofs of excellence they may generally be trusted to select the worst of his passages. What

inspired this somewhat pessimistic train of reflection was a book that fell into my hands some time ago, on the outside cover of which it was set down that 200,000 had been sold in America. The name of the book is "Quincy Adams Sawyer," the author a certain Charles Felton Pidgin, and the English publisher Mr. Fisher Unwin. After reading, I wasted a great deal of tobacco trying to evolve a sympathetic explanation of its popularity. There is a reason for all things, even for the proletarian taste for bad writing, and one would rather enumerate the pleasant than the unpleasant explanations. It is to the writer's credit that he has not caught the public ear by any appeal to what is vicious or degraded. Within the covers is to be discovered nothing to shock the Nonconformist conscience, nothing erotic or even melodramatic, nothing very passionate, and nothing intense in any way. The chief heroine—there are so many we cannot stay to count them—writes poetry, which epitomises the mild virtuousness of the whole book. Perhaps the author would have done well to remember that Homer suggested the most beautiful woman of literature, but took care never to describe her. In the same way, when an author wishes to paint a woman of genius it is risky to show her supposed productions,

The last seems a fiercely incendiary line, with its flaming face and burning hearts. And here is a quatrain, picked out for special praise:

"But my soul, still living,  
Speaks its words of comfort sweet,  
Grandest promise giving,  
That again we'll meet."

Of course, this is not poetry in any real sense of the term; it is plain prose, with a dull attempt at rhyme, but it very fairly expresses the somewhat weak, mild aspiration of the book.

Perhaps the only secret about the popularity of the volume is that it is a chronicle of very small beer. A rich lawyer, for reasons that never appear to be quite adequate, lands in a sort of village or incipient town, and gets mixed up in the petty local politics and the various love affairs and small scandals of the place. The idea appears to be to contrast his high-minded conduct and thoughts with those of a music teacher, called Obadiah Strout, who, artistically speaking, is no more than the straw-stuffed shape of a man. But, indeed, the



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THE DUKE'S GARDEN AT BELVOIR CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

because, unless he himself be a very great genius, they are certain to provoke comparisons in the mind of the reader. Now, for example, take this:

"The moon's bright rays  
In a silent maze  
Fall on the gushing river;  
Each ray of light,  
Like an arrow bright,  
Drawn from a crystal quiver.  
They romp and play  
In a wondrous way  
On tree and shrub and flower,  
And fill the night  
With a radiant light,  
That falls like a silver shower."

Whoever has had patience to wade through effusions by the poetic young lady knows that river and quiver, rays and maze, light and bright, play and way, flower and shower, night and light; for when did she ever rhyme without bringing some of them in? And it is better than the following imitation of a fine song:

"Sweet, sweet home!  
To that sweet place where youth was passed our thoughts will turn:  
Sweet, sweet home!  
Will send the blood to flaming face, and hearts will burn."

characters are ill-drawn throughout, the hero and heroine possessing certain ordinary conventional attributes, and the various other persons bearing a distinct family resemblance, that is all the more apparent because each speaks a language full of the same slangy Americanisms. The following extract will show what is the patois, and also the humour of the book:

"'Did yer ever meet a b'ar?' asked he, directing his remark to Quincy.  
"'Yes,' said Quincy, 'I've stood up before one many a time.'  
"'Well, really,' exclaimed Abner, 'how'd yer come off?'  
"'Usually with considerably less money than when I went up,' replied Quincy, seeing that Abner was mystified.  
"'What?' said Abner; 'I mean a real black b'ar, one of those big, shaggy fellers sech as you meet in the woods down in Maine.'  
"'Oh,' said Quincy, 'I was talking about an open bar, such as you find in bar-rooms and hotels.'  
"'This time the laugh was on Abner, and he was considerably nettled by it.  
"'Go on, Abner, go on!' came from several voices, and thus reassured, he continued:

"'Wall, as I wuz goin' to say, I was out partridge shooting down in Maine several years ago, and all I had with me was a fowlin' piece and a pouch of bird shot. In fact I didn't have any shot left, for I'd killed 'bout forty partridges. I had a piece of strong twine with me, so I tied their legs together, and slung 'em over my shoulder. I was jest going to start for hum when I heerd the boughs crackin' behind me, and turnin' 'round I saw—Geewhillikins!—a big black b'ar not more'n ten feet from me. I had nothin' to shoot him with, and knew that the only way to save my lie wuz to run for



it. I jest lent over and threw the partri 'ges on the ground, thinkin' as I did so that perhaps the b'ar would stop to eat them and I could git away. I started to run, but caught my toe in some underbrush and went down kerslip. I said all the prayers I knew in 'bout eight seconds, then got up and started to run ag'in. Like Lot's wife, I couldn't help looking back, and there wuz the b'ar flat on his back. I went up to him kinder cautious, for I didn't know but he might be shammin'—them black b'ars are mighty cute—but, no, he wuz deader'n a door nail. I tole the partridges back to town, and then a party on us came back and toted the b'ar home."

"Every one sat quietly for a moment, then Quincy asked with a sober face, 'What caused the bear's death, was it heart disease?'"

"'No,' said Abner, 'twas some sort of brain trouble. Yer see, when I threw those partridges on'er the ground it brought a purty powerful strain on to my galluses. When we cut the b'ar up, we found one of my pants buttons right in the centre of his brain.'"

One further point may be noted. The author in his pre'ace says, "The heroes of the principal English novels are nearly all dukes, marquises, earls, or barons, or sons of such titled personages," and he somewhat jeers at this alleged custom. Curiously enough, however, he makes his own hero very proud of his birth, and one of the many heroines is transformed into an English countess before the end of the book.

Books to order from the library:

"The Skirts of Happy Chance." B. H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen.)

"Roman Public Life." A. H. J. Greenedge. (Macmillan.)

"A Book of Brittany." S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen.) ON-LOOKER.

## THE GARDEN . . . . AT BELVOIR.

**A** PEEP into the lovely sylvan gardens of stately Belvoir is given in one of our pictures. It is eminently characteristic of that great domain, in whose grounds deep woodland clothes the hillsides, opening in glades and gardens that afford ravishing prospects to the enchanted visitor. The Duke's garden is like a jewel set in the woodland, glowing with colour amid the rich greens of its surroundings, and dignified by some admirable statuary. Well is the place called Belvoir, if only for the romantic prospects of this beautiful valley at the foot of the eminence on which the castle stands. The noble edifice has in part a claim to great antiquity, for its foundations were laid by Robert de Todeni, a Norman knight who bore the standard of the Conqueror. After continuing with his descendants until the time of Henry III. it passed to Robert de Roos, and then devolved upon the noble family of Manners, with whom it has ever since remained. Lord Hastings attacked and partly destroyed it in the Wars of the Roses, but it was rebuilt by Thomas Manners, first Earl of Rutland, in the days of Henry VIII. In the Civil Wars the castle was garrisoned and attacked in turn by both sides, and suffered much in consequence. It was repaired in quieter times, and later on was vastly improved, but a disastrous fire on October 26th, 1816, reduced much of it to a blackened ruin. It has since risen to greater splendour, and the gardens and grounds about it have been the care of loving hands. Year by year they have improved in richness and variety of charm, and our picture well illustrates their general character.

## THE FORCE OF WEEDS.

**W** EEDS, the outcast field and garden folk we burn in heaps, are a stronger force than some may think. In field and garden they are of small account, but out in the wide world they are a power to reckon with, and have been so for more ages than man can chronicle. Weeds had it all their own way once on a time, when our planet moved faster than it does now and there was more water in it, before the mammals began to multiply, or even the reptiles had their turn, and well for us that then they grew and flourished so exceedingly, or what should we do now, without the coal that feeds our fires? To the flowerless weeds of a world in the rough we owe the cheerful blaze that dissipates in an hour the growth of ages. For peat, too, we must thank the matted marsh and bog weeds, that with moss and lichen and fallen timber make such a fragrant fuel for cottage fires. Land weeds, water weeds, sea and river weeds are all more than capable of looking after themselves and are perfectly independent of man, whose interference with them has often spoiled a climate. In search of rarity and beauty he ransacks hill and plain and jungle, annexing all he can; the only weeds that really baffle him are the sea weeds; these will not obey his rule, nor can he tame them, for they belong to, and have their being in another element. During the days of large-hooped croquet, crinoline, and aquariums, about thirty years ago, attempts were made to grow the sea weeds with the brilliant slow-moving sea-flowers it was then the fashion to make pets of in drawing-rooms; a good deal was heard about keeping up the balance of Nature, and many people tried to do it practically, but with scant success. Experience proved that sea weeds and sea animals are not such a happy family in confinement as could be wished; a plentiful supply of oxygen, given anyhow, is best for

the shrimps, sea-urchins, and anemones, and the weeds are happier in their own clear rock pools on the sun-bathed shore. Their glory is of "the world below the brine, forests at the bottom of the sea, the branches and leaves, sea-lettuce, vast lichens, strange flowers and seeds, the thick tangle, openings and pink turf. Different colours, pale grey and green, purple, white and gold, the play of light through the water," all this man may admire and enjoy, but never can enslave. River weeds are much tamer and more amenable than sea weeds. Many of them are kind enough to grow in gardens, and to don their prettiest frocks to please us, but to see them at their fairest, they, too, should be in their own setting, the river bank. What would an English river be, even under the tender gleam of tasselled trees, without its weeds, the lush green grass against the azure sky, the meadow-sweet and purple loosestrife, the pungent peppermint and yellow iris, the blue forget-me-not and comfrey, pink and white, with all the lovely lolling lilies, cream and gold, their feet in the cool delicious river bed, their hands and faces open to the sky.

It would be thankless looking round our gardens, filled as they are with cultivated flowers and fruit, never to give a thought to the weeds, who were their progenitors, the Eves and Adams of the race, and it would be amusing to introduce the wildlings to their descendants; the chickweeds of the wayside to the pinks, the ragged robins of the hedgerow to the carnations and sweet williams, the potentillas to the strawberry runners, and the pink and white flowers of the acid crab to the deep-bosomed blossoms of the orchard. The day that robbed us of our wildlings in plant and tree would be a sorry one for bee and botanist. The bee would find no honey-bags in the over-petalled flower-cups, and the botanist despair of getting a flower-type in its primal simplicity; a flower as natural as a moon-daisy, a dandelion, or briar rose. It was a good illustration of the dependence of a botanist on his weeds, when a lecturer had to keep his whole class waiting for a week, for want of a buttercup! The spring was late, the season cold, and the expected buttercups would not come out, they simply refused to do it, and no power on earth could make them. Weeds are a force. They are the Jews of the plant world, being able to live on next to nothing and to thrive in any and every place, ousting the weaker inhabitants, simply by the strength of their individuality. The "violent do not take the kingdom by force," but the stronger elbow out the feebler, as do certain human races, with which the world is peopled.

Weeds will find a footing anywhere; they cover the rock and protect it, they form the mangrove swamps, which turn the spongy jungle into good firm ground, they have given us the rich black cotton soil of India and the fertile prairies and savannahs of America; they protect the soil of slopes, the sides of rushing rivers, and soften the impact of the sea waves on the shore. Mangroves are about the wildest weeds the world can show, and give the best idea of the bizarre forests that grew when coal was being made; with their roots meandering among the crabs and oysters, and their branches soaring skyways to nestle the wildfowl of the air, the mangrove trees themselves look strange amphibious creatures, not unlike the animals they shelter.

Weeds often choose themselves strange habitations. Ivy is one of the most enterprising, and will sometimes start life halfway up a church tower, without so much as a rootlet in the ground. Even trees will spring into existence self-sown, and flourish at a giddy height on tumbling turret, or mouldering wall, along with gold-brown lichen and the scented gilly flower. And weeds are strong; nothing breaks a pavement like the growth of grass and lichen through it.

"Though the rough kex break the starred mosaic," a line which shows the writer understood his weeds, as a poet should, perhaps it wants a poet to find out that kex is celtic for hemlock. Unlettered folk often know more about the work of weeds than we do; the virtue of dandelion tea, of nettles cooked as spinach, of the healing roots of Solomon's seal, and the leaves of lilies. Weeds indeed would be a power if only for their simples, dyes, and poisons; but here must come a pause, even to name these things is to break fresh ground, nor is there time to tell of the chemical action of weeds, forceful as it is, and ever has been, in earth and air and water since green things first began to grow. A thousand words or so, any more than a thousand centuries or so, are not enough to

"Win the secret of a weed's plain heart."

F. A. B.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MAKING A GARDEN QUICKLY.  
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I trouble you to give me a few directions to enable me to improve the garden belonging to the house I have just taken in Rutlandshire? As the lease is not a long one I am anxious to avoid any great outlay, and should aim at quick results and good effects. I am very much of a beginner, and have but a scanty knowledge of gardening, so you will greatly oblige by entering in to

even minute details if you have the space. I should like to plant things which will give satisfactory results next spring if possible, and fancy that clumps of bulbs planted amongst the shrubs round the top lawn would give a good effect. Which do you recommend? The two borders are at present rather bare, and I should like to make herbaceous borders here, introducing a good bit of colour. Would you give me a list of the best things to use? Should they be sown or planted from cuttings, and when will they be out? What do you advise to put against the paling which divides the stable-yard from the front portion of the garden? Can anything be done, either plants bought and planted or sown now, that would do any good for this autumn, late?—A. F.

[You ask an interesting question. It is not at all difficult to get quick results. Plant bulbs by all means near the shrubs, and you cannot do better than plant daffodils, such as *Princeps*, *Horsfieldi*, *Poeticus ornatus*, *Incomparabilis* Queen Bess and *Sir Watkin*, and *Barri conspicuus*. These are cheap and effective. You might also plant some late tulips. Put in a good mass of *gesneriana*. Over the palings let roses clamber; *Aimée Villet*, *Aglaia*, *Félicité Perpetue*, *Mme. Alfred Carrière*, *Alister Stella Gray*, *Rosa alba*, *Gloire de Dijon*, *W. A. Richardson*, *R. setigera*, *Climbing White Pet*, *The Garland*, *Paul's Carmine Pillar*, and *Paul's Single White* are all good for the purpose, and should be planted in the middle of October. We should sow plenty of annuals next spring. It is surprising how much one can get out of these, both for effect and for cutting. Make a strong point of sweet peas, *Aster sinensis*, cornflower, the yellow *eschscholtzia*, *Gypsophila elegans*, *Limnanthes Douglasi*, *Linum grandiflorum rubrum*, the bushy 3ft.-high tree willow (*Lavatera trimestris*), *mignonette*, *love-in-a-mist* (*Nigella damascena*), *Shirley* and *French poppies*, *Virginian stock*, *Viscaria cardinalis*. Of course, of bushy perennials, which are cheap and necessary, there is practically no limit, and in the borders we should also plant groups of tea and other roses. Make free groups or masses of the best China roses, *Mme. Laurette Messimy*, *Mme. Eugene Resl*, and the ordinary monthly; of tea roses, *Marie Van Houtte*, *Anna Olivier*, *Catherine Mermet*, *Hon. E. G. fford*, *Mme. Lombard*, *Marion Cochet*, *Mr. John Laing*, *G. Nabonnand*, *Mme. Hoste*, and *Caroline Testout*. These are all strong, and run in every way. For the summer sow such things in gentle warmth in March as the *Nicotiana sylvestris*, *N. affinis* (the sweet-scented tobacco), China asters, zinnias; and have plenty of stocks, wallflowers, Canterbury bells, sunflowers, and dahlias. Of permanent things, place faith in the perennial asters, or *Michaelmas daisies*, the white Japanese anemone, *alstroemerias* (in a warm place), *delphiniums*, *phloxes*, and such-like, but our space is so limited that we cannot give a detailed list. You seem to want some good gardening guide. "Gardening for Beginners," published by Messrs. George Newnes, and forming part of the library attached to this paper, would be a great help to you, and it is only half-a-guinea. The last question about forcing greenhouse bulbs is dealt with in this book. An answer to be of any use to you would occupy a column of this journal.—ED.]

#### BERBERIS STENOPHYLLA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of *Berberis stenophylla*, which is of singularly graceful growth, covered in spring with golden yellow flowers. The photograph was taken last spring in the Royal Gardens, Kew, and this shrub is planted there as an undergrowth to the oak, elm, and in thinly-planted woodland.—T.



#### PLANTS FOR A SEA MARSH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Could you or any of your readers inform me what, if anything, will grow on a sea marsh? A small river runs through an endless marsh in an estuary near here (South Wales), and the banks look so bare that I first planted willows and then young alders, but neither have done any good. The marsh is rather frequently covered with salt water. Any suggestions will greatly oblige.—GOWER.

[The best plant of all for a salt marsh is the sea lavender (*Statice Limonium*), which covers large tracts in such places in the east counties. We have seen breadths of it, and the effect of the plants in flower is excellent. It grows with the utmost freedom, and remains in beauty for many weeks. *Aster Tripolium*, the sea starwort, is another good thing, 2ft. in height. When often covered by sea water it loses the pale lilac ray florets, but the yellow disc florets seem to be enlarged, and the whole plant has a handsome aspect. This should be planted

in quite free groups. Its colouring is decided, and not in the least degree harsh. *Artemisia maritima* is a neat whitish plant with finely-divided leaves. *Sueda fruticosa* is a handsome, almost shrubby plant, looking like a prosperous heath, but it is rather rare. All these are natives of the salt marshes, and thrive with frequent submersion in sea water. The handsome reed, *Phragmites communis*, also does well in salt ditches. These plants are probably (with the exception of the sea lavender) not to be had in nurseries. A stock will have to be specially collected in some of the well-known salt marshes. But there may be some local condition, such as the frequent shifting of layers of mud, that would prevent even these plants thriving, as we do not otherwise understand why some of them at least are not already present.—ED.]

#### GROUPS OF WHITE LILIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of white lilies in the garden here, a few hundred yards from the sea.—E. T. C. BOWER, Broxholme, Scarborough.

[We are always pleased to receive photographs showing good growths of the white lily, the most beautiful flower of early summer. It is frequently destroyed by the fungoid disease which has made itself unpleasantly evident during recent years, but from experience we have found that the disease is not so general as is frequently supposed. The accompanying illustration shows a delightful grouping of the flower, and though our correspondent does not mention the fact, we think the clumps must have been in their present position for many years.

The white lily is beautiful by itself, as the illustration shows, and it is also a flower of great charm to associate with other things, especially dark-foliaged trees, such as *Prunus pissardi*.—ED.]

#### AN UNKNOWN BIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Though it is always hazardous to identify any bird from a verbal description, unless the description be in detail and painstaking in its accuracy, I venture to suggest that the "pink gull" observed near Oban by your correspondent "Neustadt" was in reality a roseate tern. I am aware that this bird does not tally in all particulars with the description given by your correspondent, notably as to the vulture-like beak and black ruff or ring, but, if we discard the theory of a "painted gull," I do not see to what other bird the description could possibly apply. I should be interested to learn whether the "flock of gulls" to which this unknown bird attached itself were not in reality a flock of terns. In any case, I should suggest that "Neustadt" should visit the Natural History Museum at Kensington, where, in all probability, he would find a specimen of the bird in question.—JOHN MEREDITH COBBETT.

#### DO CUCKOOS MIMIC HAWKS?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of June 8th your correspondent "E. K. R." puts forth an ingenious theory to account for the parasitical nesting habits of the cuckoo. I wonder if he could offer any explanation of a question which has always puzzled me, namely, why the cuckoo resembles a sparrowhawk. That it is a case of mimicry seems clear, and is rendered more probable by the fact that many species of cuckoos mimic other birds (see Wallace's "Darwinism," Chapter ix.), and the general resemblance is so striking as to admit of little or no doubt. Admitting this, what has the cuckoo gained by it? Had it never come to resemble a hawk, it would not have been subjected to petty annoyance from small birds. Its hawk-like appearance can be of no advantage to it in getting its daily food. If it had the colours of a kingfisher, insects would stand neither

more nor less chance of escaping from it. The only explanation which occurs to me is that by mimicking the sparrowhawk it is saved from attack by the hawks themselves, being mistaken by them for one of their own kind. This, I imagine, would be of great advantage to it, as, not being a particularly strong flier, it would fall an easy victim otherwise. One objection to the theory that it mimics the sparrowhawk is that it is more numerous than they—in England at least—and it is a characteristic feature of mimicry that the imitators are always less numerous than the imitated; but this may be due to the constant destruction of hawks, in which case the objection does not hold good.—H. LESLIE ANDREWES, Nilgiri Hills, Southern India.